

T H E

ADDITIONAL POEMS

O F

Mr DAVID LINDSAY

O F T H E

M O U N T,

A L I A S

LION KING OF ARMS.

taken from his own original Manuscripts, found in the
Cabinets of the curious, consisting of many different
entertaining subjects.

VOLUME II.

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MDCCLXXVII.

The TESTAMENT and COMPLAINT

Of our Sovereign Lord King JAMES the Fifth his
PAPINGO, lying sore wounded, and may not
die, till every man have heard what she says. Where-
fore gentle Readers haste you, that she may be put
out of pain. Compiled by Sir DAVID LINDSAY
of the Mount, *Kent*, alias, Lion King of Arms.



The PROLOGUE.

ALTHOUGH I had engine angelical,
With sapience more than Solomonical,
I wot not what matter put in memory:
The poets old in stile heroical,
In brief and subtile terms rhetorical.
Of every matter, tragedy and story,
So ornately to their high laud and glory,
Have done infinite, whose supream sapience
Transcendeth far my dull intelligence.

Of poets now into our vulgar tongue,
For why, the bell of rhetorick been rung
By Chaucher, Gower, Ligat laureat,
Who dare presume these poets to impugn,
Whose sweet sentence thro' Albion been sung?
Or who can now the works counterfeit,
Of Kennedy, with terms aureat,
Of wise Dunbar who language had at large,
As may be seen into his golden targe?

Quintin, Mercer, Roul, Henderson, Hay and Holland,
Though they be dead, their lives are livand;

Which

Which to rehearse makes readers to rejoice,
Alas! for once that lamp was in this land,
Of eloquence the flowing balmy strand;
And in our English rhetorick the rose,
As of rubies the carbuncle is chose.
And as Phoebus doth Cynthia precel,
So Gawn Douglass bishop of Dunkel.

Had, when he was into this land alive,
Above vulgar poets prerogative,
Both in practick speculation,
I say no more, good readers may describe
His worthy works, in numbers mo than five:
And specially the true translation,
Of Virgil, which been consolation
To cunning men, to know his great engine
As well in natural science, as divine.

And in the court been present in these days,
That ballads, brieves, lustily and lays,
Which to our prince daily they do present;
Who can say more than Sir James English say,
In ballads, fairies, and in pleasant plays?
But Culrofs hath his pen made impotent;
Rid in cunning and practick right prudent;
And Stewart who desires a stately stile,
Full ornate works daily doth compile.

Stewart of Lorn will carp most curiously,
Galbraith, Kinloch, when they list them apply,
Into that art are crafty of ingine;
But now of late is start up hastily
A cunning clerk which writteth craftily,
A plant of poets called Ballentine,
Whose ornat wits my wits cannot define;
Get he into the court authority,
He will precel Quintine and Kennedy.

So though I had ingine, as I have none,
I know not what to write, by sweet St John;
For why in all the earth of eloquence
Is nothing left, but barren stock and stone,
The polite terms are pulled every one,
By these surnamed poets of prudence:
And since I find none other true sentence,

I shall declare ere I depart you fro.
 The complaint of a wounded Papingo.
 Wherefore because my matter is but rude,
 Of sentence and of rhetorick denude,
 To rural folk my writing is directed,
 Far fleemed from the sight of men of good ;
 For cunning men I know will soon conclude,
 It nothing dowses, but for to be dejected :
 And when I hear my matter is detracted,
 Then shall I swear, I made it but in mowes,
 To landwart lasses that milk the kine and ewes.

The complaint of the PAPINGO.

WHO climbs too high, perforce his foot must fail
 Expream I shall thee by experience,
 If that thou please to hear a piteous tale,
 How a fair bird by fatal violence,
 Devoured was and might not make defence
 Contrair the death, so failed natural strength,
 As after I shall show you at more length.

A Papingo, right pleasant and perfit,
 Presented was to our most noble king,
 Of whom his grace a long time had delight,
 More fair in form, I wot, flew ne'er on wing,
 This proper bird he gave in governing
 To me, which was his simple serviture,
 To which I did my diligence and cure.

To learn her language artificial,
 To play platfoot, and whistel, foot before :
 But of her inclination natural,
 She counterfeit all fowls less and more :
 Of her courage she would without my lore,
 Sing like the merl, and crow like the cock,
 Pew like the gled, chant like the laverock.

Bark like a dog, and keckle like a kae,
 Bleat like an hog, and buller like a bull,
 Gail like a gouk, and weep when she was wae :
 Climb on a cord, and laugh and play the fool,
 She might have been a menstrel against yool.
 This blessed bird was to me so pleasant,

Where's

Where'er I fire, I bare her on mine hand:

And so beset upon a mirthful morrow,
Into my garth I past me to repose.

This bird and I, as we were wont beforrow,

Among the flowers fresh, fragrant and formose:

My vital spirits duly did rejoice,

When Phœbus rose, and rave the clouds fable,

Through brightness of his beams amiable.

Without vapour as well purificate,

The temperate air, soft, sober and serene;

The earth by nature so edificate,

With wholesome herbs, blue, white, red and green;

Which elevate my spirit from the spleen,

That day Saturn and Mars durst not appear,

Nor Eole from his cave he durst not fear.

That day perforce behoved to be fair,

By influence and course celestial,

No planet press'd for to perturb the air;

For Mercury, by moving natural,

Exalted was into the throne triumphal

Of his mansion into the fifteen gree

In his own sovereign sign of Virginie.

That day did Phœbus pleasantly depart:

From Gemini and entered into Cancer:

That day Cupido did extend his dart;

Venus that day conjoin'd with Jupiter.

That day Neptune hid him like a skar:

That day dame nature with great business,

Furthered Flora to show her craftiness.

And retrograde was Mars in Capricorn,

And Cynthia in Sagittar assaied:

That day came Ceres, goddess of the corn;

Full joyfully John-upon-land she pleased;

The bad aspect of Saturn was appeased

That day by Juno, of Jupiter the joy,

Perturbing spirits causing to hold coy:

The sound of birds surmounting all the skies,

With melody of notes musical,

The balmy drop of dew, Titan updries,

Hanging upon the tender twists small,

The heavenly hue and sound angelical,

Such perfect pleasures printed in mine heart,
 That with great pain from them I might depart.
 So still among these herbs amiable,
 I did remain a space for my pastance,
 But worldly pleasure is so variable,
 Mixed with sorrow, dread, and inconstance,
 That there is no comparisance;
 So might I say, my short solace, alas!
 Was driven to dolour in a little space.

For in that airth among the fragrant flowers,
 Walking alone, none but my bird and I:
 Unto the time that I had said mine hours,
 This bird I set upon a branch me by,
 But she began to speak right speedily,
 And in that tree did so highly ascend,
 That by no way I might her apprehend.

Sweet bird, said I, beware, mount not too high,
 Return in time, perchance thy feet may faillie,
 Thou art right fat, and not well us'd to flie:
 The greedy gled, I dread she thee assaillie.
 I will, said she, vaillye quod vaillye,
 It is my kind to climb ay to the hight,
 Of feather and bone, I wot well I am wight.

Soon on the highest little tender twist,
 With wings display'd, she sat full wantonly:
 But Boreas blew a blast ere e'er she wist,
 Which brake the branch, and blew her suddenly
 Down to the ground with many a careful cry,
 Upon a stob, she lighted on her breast,
 The blood rusht out, and she cried for a priest.

God wot, if then my heart was woe begone,
 To see that fowl fighter among the flowrs,
 Which with great mourning 'gan to make her moan
 Now coming are, said she, the fatal hours
 Of bitter death now must I thole the show'rs
 O Dame Nature, I pray thee of thy grace,
 Lend me leisure to speak a little space.

For to complain my fate unfortunate,
 And to dispone my goods ere I depart,
 Since of all comfort I am desolate,
 Alone, except the death here with his dart,
 With awful chear, ready to pierce mine heart:

And with that word she took a passion,
Then flatly fell, and swapp'd into swoon.

Which sorry heart pierc'd with compassion,
And salt tears distilling from mine een,
To hear that birds lamentation,

I did approach under an haw-thorn green,
Where I might hear and see, and not be seen:
And when this bird had swooned twice or thrice,
She began to speak, saying on this wise:

O! false fortune, why hast thou me beguil'd:
This day at morn, who knew this careful case,
Vain hope, through thee my reason was exil'd,
Having such trust into thy feigned face:
That e'er I was brought to the court, alas!
Had I in forest flown among my seers,
I might full well have lived many years.

Prudent counsel, alas! I did refuse,
Against reason using mine appetite:
Ambition did so mine heart abuse,
That Eolus at me had great despite,
Poets of me have matter to indite;
Which clamb so high, and wo is me therefore,
Not doubting that the death should me devour.

This day at morn my form and feathers fair,
Above the proud peacock was precelling;
And now a cative cation full of care,
Bathing in blood down from heart distilling,
And in mine ears the bell of death is knelling.
O world so false, and changeable felicity,
Fy on thy pride, avarice, and immundicity.

In the I see nothing is permanent,
Of thy short solace, sorrow is the end:
Thy false infortunate gifts been to us lent,
This day full proud, the morn nothing to spend.
Oh, ye that do pretend ay to ascend,
My fatal end have in remembrance,
And you defend from this unhappy chance.

Wherefore that I was stricken in exasite,
Or through a strong imagination;
But it appeared in my fantasie,
I heard this dolent lamentation;
Thus dull'd into desolation,

Methought this bird did brive in her manner
Her counsell to the king, as you shall hear.

The first Epistle of the Papingo, directed to King
James the fifth.

PREPOTENT prince, peerless in pulchritude.
Glore, honor, laud, triumph, and victory
Be unto thine high excellent celsitude,
With martial deeds condign of memory.
Since Atropos consumed have my glory,
And dolent death, alas! must us depart,
I leave to thee my true unfeigned heart.

Together with this schedul subsequent,
With most reverent recommendation :
I grant thy grace gets many document,
By famous fathers predication :
With many notable narration,
By pleasant poets in stile heroical,
How thou shouldst guide thy seat imperial.

Some do deplore the great calamities,
Of divers realms the transmutation,
Some piteously do treat of tragedies,
All for the Grace's information :
So I intend but adulation,
Into my barren rustical indite,
Among the rest, Sir, something for to write.

Sovereign convince this simple similitude,
Of officers serving the seneyorie :
Who guides them well, get at thy grace great good :
Who are unjust, degraded are of glory,
And cancellate out of thy memory :
Providing them more pleasant in their place :
Believe right to God shall do with thy grace.

Consider well, thou be officiar,
And a vassal of that King incomparable :
Press thou to please that puissant Prince perclare
Thy rich reward shall be inestimable.
Exalted high in glore interminable.
Above archangels, vertious potestars,
Pleasantly placed among the principates.

O thy virtue poets perpetually
 Shall make mention until the world be ended;
 If thou exerce thine office prudently,
 In heav'n and earth thy grace shall be commended:
 Wherefore effear that he be not offended,
 Who hath exalted thee to such honor,
 Of his people to be the governor.

And in the earth hath made such ordinance,
 Under thy feet all things terrestrial,
 Are subject to thy pleasure and pastance;
 Both fowls and fishes, and beasts pastoral:
 Men to thy service, and women they are thrall;
 Hawking, hunting, arms, and lawful amour,
 Preordinate by God for thy pleasure compleat.

Masters of music to recreate thy spirit,
 With daunted voice, and pleasant instrument:
 Thus mayst thou be of all pleasures,
 If in thine office thou be diligent:
 But be thou found slothful and negligent,
 Or unjust in thine execution
 Thou shalt not fail divine punition.

Wherefore since thou hast such capacity
 To learn to play so pleasantly and sing,
 Ride horse, run spear, with great audacity,
 Shoot with hand-bow, cross-bow. and culvering,
 Among the resty Sir, learn to be a king;
 Kyth on that craft thy pregnant fresh ingine,
 Granted to thee by influence divine.

And since the definition of a king,
 Is for to have of people goverance,
 Address the first above all other thing,
 To put thy body to such ordinance,
 That thy vertue thine honor may advance:
 For how shall princes govern their regions
 That cannot duly guide their own persons?

And if thy grace would live right pleasantly,
 Call thy council, and cast on them thy cure:
 Their just decrees defend and fortify;
 Without good counsel may no prince long endure:
 Work with counsel then shall thy work be sure.
 Chuse thy council of the most sapient.
 Without regard to blood riches or rent,

Among

mong all other pastime and pleasure,
 Now in thine adolescent years young,
 Would thou each day study but half an hour
 The regiment of princely governing,
 To thy people it were a pleasant thing,
 There mightst thou find thine own vocation.
 How thou shou'dst use the scepter, sword and crown,

The chronicles to know, I thee exort,
 Which may be mirror to thy majesty:
 There thou shalt find both good and ill report,
 Of every prince after his quality:
 Tho' they be dead, yet their works shall not die,
 Trust well thou wilt be stiled in that story,
 As thou deserves to be put in memory.

Request that Roy which was rent on the rood
 Thee to defend from deeds of defame,
 That no poet report of thee but good,
 For princes days, endure but as a dream:
 Since first king Fergus bare a diadem,
 Thou art the last king of fivescore and five,
 And all are dead, and none but thee alive.

Of whose number fifty and five were slain,
 And most part of their own misgovernance:
 Wherefore I thee beseech, my lovveraign,
 Consider of their lives the circumstance;
 And when thou knowst the cause of their mischance
 On virtue then exalt thyself on high,
 Trusting on God t'escape that destiny.

Treat each true baron as he were thy brother,
 Which must at need thee and thy realm defend;
 When suddenly one doth oppress another,
 Let justice mixt with mercy them amend,
 Have thou their hearts, thou hast enough to spend:
 And by the contrair, thou art but king of bone,
 From time their hearts are from thee gone.

I have no leisure for to write at length,
 My whole intent unto thine excellence:
 Decreased so I am in wit and strength,
 My mortal wound doth me such violence:
 People, at me may have experience,
 Because, alas! I was incounsellable:
 Now must I die a captive miserable.

The second Epistle of the PAPINGO, directed to her
brethren of Court.

BRETHREN of court, with mind precordial,
To the great God heartily I commend you :
Imprint my fall into your memorial,
Together with this schedul that I send you :
To preſs o'er high, I pray, not pretend you :
This vain aſcende of court who will conſider,
Who ſits moſt high, will find his ſeat moſt ſladder.

So ye that now go lanching up the ladder;
Take heed in time faſtning your fingers ſall,
Who climbs moſt high, moſt dint bath of the weather,
And leſt defence againſt the bitter blaſt
Of falſe fortune, which never taketh reſt :
But now redoubted daily ſhe down thrings,
Not ſparing popes, emperors nor kings.

Though ye be mounted up above the ſkies,
And have both kings and court in governance :
Some were as high, which now right lowly lies,
Complaining ſore the court its variance :
The preterit time my be experience
Which thro' vain hope of court did climb ſo high,
Then lacked wings, when they thought beſt to flie,

Since each court is untruſt and tranſitory,
Changing as oft as weather-cock in wind,
Making ſome glad, and other ſome right ſorry ;
Foremoſt this day, the morn may go behind.
Let not vain hope of court your reaſon blind
Truſt well ſome men will give you lands as lords,
That would be glad to ſee you hang on cords.

I durſt declare the miſerability
Of divers courts, were't not my time is ſhort,
The dreadful change, vain-glore, and vility,
The painful pleaſures, as poets do report :
Sometime in hope, ſometime in diſcomfort :
And how ſome men do ſpend their youthhood hail
In court, and ends into the hoſpital.

How ſome in court are quiet counſellors,
Without regard to common-weal of kings,
Caſting their cure for to be conquerors :

And

And when they were high raised in their reigns,
How change of court them dolefully down thrings
And when they were from their estate deposed,
How many of their fall been right rejoiced.

And how fond feigned fools and flatterers,
For small service obtain oft great rewards :
Panders, pike-thanks, cultrons, and clatterers,
Lowps up from lands, then lights among the lairds,
Blasphemators, beggars, and common bards,
Sometime in court have more authority,
Than devote doctors of divinity.
Who in some courts been bairns of Belial,
Full of disimulate painted flattery,
Provoking by intoxicate counsel,
Princes to whoredom and to harlotry :
Who do in princes put such hafatry,
I say for me, such pert provocators,
Should punisht be above all strong traitors.

What travel, trouble, and calamity
Have been in court within these hundred years ?
What mortal changes, and what miseries ?
What noble men been brought upon their bears ?
Trust well, my friends, follow you must your fears :
So since in court been no tranquillity.
Set not on it your whole felicity.

The court changes oft-times with such outrage,
That few nor none may make it resistance :
And spareth not the prince more than the page,
As well appeareth by experince.
The duke of Rothsay might make no defence,
Which was pertaining roy of this region,
But dolefully devoured was in prison.

What dread, what dolour had the noble king
Robert the third, when once he knew the case
Of his two sons the dolent departing,
Prince David dead, and James captive ? Alas !
To true Scots-men, which was a careful case.
This may ye know the court is variand,
When blood royal the change may not gainstand,
Who reign'd in court more hie and triumphant,
Than Duke Murdock while that his day endure ?
Was he not then protector of Scotland ?

Yet of the court he was not well assured,
It changed so, his long service was smored:
He and his fair son Walter but remead,
Forfaulted were, and put to doleful dead.
King James the first, the patron of prudence,
Gem of ingine, and pearl of policy,
Well of justice, and flood of eloquence,
Whose virtue doth transcend my fantasy
For to discrive; yet when he stood most high,
By false exorbitant conspiracy,
That prudent prince was pitously put down.

And James the second, roy of great renown,
Being in his super-excellent glore,
Through rackless shooting of a great cannon,
The dolent death, alas! hath him devore.

One thing hath been of which I marvel more,
That fortune had at him such mortal feed,
Mong fifty thousand to wail him by the head,

My heart is pierc'd with pain for to panse,
Or for to write that court's variance
Of James the third, when he had governance,
The dolor, dread, and desolation,
The change of court and conspiracy:
And how that Cochran with his company.

That time in court clamb so presumptuously.
It had been good these bairns had not been born,
By whom that noble prince was so abused:
They grew as did the weeds among the corn.
That prudent lord's counsel was refused,
And held him quite, as he had been included.
Alas! that prince by their abusion,
Was finally brought to confusion.

They clamb so high, and got such audience,
And with their prince grew so familiar;
His German brethren might get no presence;
The Duke of Albany, and the Earl of Mar,
Like banisht men are holden at the bar;
Till in the king there grew such mortal feed,
He fleem'd the Duke, and put the Earl to dead.

Thus Cochran with his cative company,
Forc'd them to flee, but yet they wanted feathers

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Above the high cedars of Lebania :
 They clamb so high till they clamb o'er their ladders,
 On Lawder bridge then keepest were in tedders
 Strangled to death, they got no other grace :
 Their king captive, which was a careful case,

To put in write the fate unfortunate,
 And mortal change, perturbeth mine engine ;
 My wits been weak, my fingers fatigate,
 To dite or write the rancour and ruin,
 The civil war, the battle-intestines
 How that the son with banner broad display'd,
 Against the father in battle came array'd.

Wou'd God that day the prince had been comforted,
 With sapience of the proud Solomon,
 And with the strength of Samson been supported,
 With the bold host of the great Agamemnon.
 What should I wish ? remedy there is none :
 At morn a king, with scepter, sword and crown,
 At night with death a deformed carion.
 Alas ! where is that right redoubted roy,
 That potent prince, gentle James the feird ?
 I pray to Christ his soul for to convoy,
 A greater noble ne'er reign'd on the eird.
 O Atropus ! wary may be thy weird :
 For he was mirror of humility,
 Lead-star and lamp of liberality.

During his time of justice did prevail,
 The savage isles trembled for terroure :
 Elkdale, Ewisdale, Liddisdale and Annandale,
 Durst not rebel, doubting his dints dour,
 And of his lords had such perfect favour,
 So for to show that he appear'd not one,
 Out through the realm he would ride him alone.

And of his court thro' Europe sprang the fame
 Of lusty lords and tender ladies ying ;
 Triumphant turneys, justing and knightly game,
 With all pastime, according for a king.
 He was the glory of princely governing ;
 Who through the ardent love he had to France,
 Against England did move his ordinance.

Of Flowden field the ruin to revolve,
 Of that most dolent day for to deplore,

I will for dread, lest dolour you desolve ;
Show you that prince in his triumphant glore
Destroyed was, what needeth process more ?
Not by the virtue of the English ordinance,
But by his own wilful misgovernance.

Alas ! that day had he been confellable,
He had obtained laud, glore, and victory ;
Whose piteous process been so lamentable,
I sory am to put in memory.

I never read in tragedy nor story,
At one journey so many nobles slain,
For the defence and love of their sovereign.

Now brethren mark into your remembrance,
A mirror of these mutabilities.
So may ye know of the court inconstance ;
When princes are thus pulled from their fees,
After whose death, what strange adversities !
What great misrule into this region rang,
When our prince young could neither speak nor gang !

During his tender youth and innocence,
What slouth, what reef, what murder and mischance,
There was nought else but wreaking and mischance,
Into that court there reign'd such variance ;
Divers rulers made divers ordinance.
Sometime our queen reign'd authority,
Sometime the proud duke of Albany.

Sometime the realm was ruled by regents,
Sometime by lieutenants leaders of the law ;
Then reign'd so many disobedients,
That few or none stood of another aw ;
Oppression did so loud his bugle blaw,
That none durst ride but into fear of wear,
John upon land that time did lose his meir.

Who was no more high in honour elevate
Than was Margaret our high and mighty princefs ?
Such power was to her appropriate,
Of king and realm that she was governess,
Yet came a change within a short process :
That pearl prelare, that lusty pleasant queen.
Long time into that court durst not be seen.

The arch-bishop of St Andrews, James Benton,
Chancellor and primate in power pastoral,

Clamb next the king most in this region :
 The ladder shook, he lap and got a fall :
 Authority, nor power spiritual,
 Riches, friendship might not that time prevail,
 When dame Curia began to stir her tail.

His high prudence avail'd him not a mite,
 That time the court bare him such mortal fead :
 As prisoner they kept him in despite,
 And sometime will not where to hide his head :
 But disguised like John the Reaff, he yeed,
 Had not been hope bare him such company,
 He had been strangled by melancholy.

What cumber and care was in the court of France,
 When king Francis was taken prisoner,
 The duke of Bourbon amidst his ordinance,
 Died at one stroke, right bailful brought to tear :
 The court of Rome that time ran all arior,
 When Pope Clement was put in prison strong,
 The noble city put to confusion.

In England who had greater governance,
 Than their triumphant courtly cardinal ?
 The common-weal, some says, he did advance,
 By equal justice both to great and small :
 There was no prelate to him peregal :
 English men say, had he reign'd longer space,
 He had deposed St Peter of his place,

His princely pomp, nor papal gravity,
 His palace royal, rich and radious ;
 Nor yet the flood of superfluity
 Of his riches, nor travel tedious,
 When once dame Curia held him odious,
 Avail'd him not his prudence most profound ;
 The ladder-brake, and he fell on the ground.
 Where been the doughty Earl of Douglass,
 Which royally into this region rang,
 Forfault and slain : What needeth more process ?
 The Earl of March was marshall'd them among.
 Dame Curia them dolefully down throng.
 And now of late who clamb more high among us,
 Than did Archibald sometime the Earl of Angus ?

Who with the prince was more familiar,
 Nor of his grace had more authority ?

Was he not great warden and chancellor,
Yet when he stood upon his highest gree,
Trusting nothing but perpetuity,
Was suddenly deposed from his place,
Forfault and fleemed, he got no other grace,

Wherefore trust not unto authority,
My dear brethren, I pray you heartfully :
Presume not in your vain prosperity ;
Confirm your trust in God all utterly,
Then serve your prince with heart entire truly ;
And when you see, the court is at the best,
I counsel you then draw you to your rest.

Where is the high triumphant court of Troy ?
Or Alexander, with his twelve prudent peers ?
Or Julius, that right redoubted royl ?
Agamemnon, most worthy in his wears ?
To shew their fine my frayed heart affears :
Some murdered were, some poisoned piteously,
Their careful courts dispersed dolefully.

Trust well there is no constant court but one,
Where Christ is king, whose time interminable
And high triumphant glore shall ne'er be gone :
That quiet court mirthful and immutable,
Without variance stands ay firm and stable :
Dissemblance, flattery, and false report,
Into that court shall never get resort.

Trust well my friends, this is no feigned-fare,
For who that is in the extreme of dead,
The verity doubtless they should declare,
Without regard to favour or to fead.

While ye have time, dear brethren, make remead :
Adieu for ever, of me ye get no more,
Beseeching God to bring you to his glore.

Adieu, Edinburgh, thou high triumphant town,
In whose bounds right merrily I have been :
Of true tradesmen the rout of this region,
Most ready to receive court, king and queen :
Thy policy and justice may be seen,
Were devotion, wisdom and honesty,
And credence lost, it may be found in thee.

Adieu fair Snawdown, with thy towers hie,
The chapel-royal, park, and table round,

May, June, and July would I dwell in thee,
 Were I a man might hear the birds found,
 Which doth against the royal rock resound.
 Adieu, Lithgow, whose palace of pleasure,
 Might be a pattern in Portugal or France.

Farewell, Falkland, the fortress sure of Fife,
 Thy polite park under the Lowmond law;
 Sometime in thee I led a lusty life:
 Thy fallow-deer to see them take and raw,
 Court-men to come to thee they stand great aw.
 Saying, thy burgh been of great burrows bail,
 Because in thee they never got good ale.

The communing between the Papingo, and the holy
 Executors.

THE Py perceiv'd the Papingo in pain,
 He lighted down, and feigned him to greet:
 Sister, said he, alas! who hath you slain?
 I pray you make provision for your sp'rit:
 Dispose your goods, and you confess compleat:
 I have power by your contrition,
 Of all your sins to give you full remission.

I am, said she, a chānon regular,
 And of my brethren prior principal:
 My white rocket, my clean life doth declare,
 The black is of the death memorial:
 Wherefore I think all your goods natural,
 Should be submitted whole into my cure,
 Ye know I am an holy creature:
 The raven came rousing when he heard the rair,
 So did the gled with many a piteous pew,
 And feignedly they counterfeited great care.
 Sister, said they, your recklessness we rew,
 Now best it is our counsel you ensue,
 Since ye pretend to this promotion,
 Religious men of great devotion.

I am black monk, said the ratling raven;
 So said the gled I am an holy frier,
 And have power to bring you quick to heaven;
 It is well known my conscience been clear,
 The black bible pronounce I shall perqueer,

So to our brethren you will give some good ;
 God wot, if he had need of lives food.

The Papingo said, Father, by the rood,
 Albeit your raiment be religious like,
 Your conscience, I suspect, it be not good ;
 I did perceive when privily ye did pike
 A chicken from an hen under a dike.

I grant said he, that hen she was my friend,
 And I that chicken took but for my tiend.

You know, the faith by us must be sustain'd,
 So by the pope it is preordinate,
 That spiritual men should live upon their tiend ;
 But well I wot you been predestinate,
 In your extremes to be so fortunate,
 To have such holy consolation ;

Wherefore we make you exhortation,

Since dame nature hath granted you such grace,
 Leisure to make confession general,
 Show forth your sin in time while you have space,
 Then of your goods make a memorial.

We three shall make your feast funeral,
 And with great bliss bury we shall your bones,
 Then trantals twenty trattle all at once.

The rooks shall tear, that men shall on them rew,
 And cry, *commemoratio animarum* :

We shall make chickens peep, and gassings pew,
 Altho' the geese and hens should make alarum ;
 And we shall serve *secundum usum sarum*,
 And make you safe, we find saint Blaife to burgh,
 Crying to you the careful corinoch.

And we shall sing about your sepulture
 Saint Mungo's matins and the meekle creed,
 And then devoutly say, I you assure,
 The old Placebo backward on the beed ;
 And we shall wear for you the mourning weed :
 And though your sp'rit with Pluto were posselt,
 Devoutly shall your dirigie be drest.

Father, said she, your facund words fair,
 Full sore I dread the contrair to your deeds ;
 The wives of the villages cries with care,
 When they perceive ye mow o'erthwart their meeds
 Your false conceit both duck and drake sore dreads ;

I marvel soothly that ye be not shamed,
For your default, being so sore defamed.

I do abhor my poor perturbed sp'rit,
To make to you any confession;
I hear men say, you are an hypocrite,
Exempted from the sennyie of the session,
To put my goods in your possession,
That will I not, so help me dame nature,
Nor of my corps I will give you no cure.

But I had the noble nightingale,
The gentle Jay, the Merl, and Turtle true,
Mine obsequies and feasts funeral.
Order they would with notes all of the new,
The pleasant pown most angel like of hew;
Would God I were with him this day confest,
And my device duely by him adrest.

The mirthful mavice with the gay goldspink,
And lusty lark, would God they were present,
Mine infortune forsooth they would fore-think,
And comfort me that been so impotent.
The swift swallow in practick most prudent,
I know she would my bleeding stanch believe,
With her most virtuous stone restringative.

Count me the case under confession,
The gled said proudly to the Papingo,
And we shall swear by our profession,
Counsel to keep, and show it to no mo,
We thee beseech, ere thou depart us fro;
Declare to us the causes reasonable,
Why we are holden so abominable?

By thy travel thou hast experience,
First being bred into the orient;
Then by thy good service and diligence,
To princes made here in the occident:
Thou knowest the vulgar people's judgment,
Were thou transcurred the hot meridional,
Then next the pole, the plage septentrional.

So by thine high engine superlative.
Of all countries, thou knowest the qualities;
Wherefore I thee conjure by God alive,
The verity declare withoutten lies,
What thou hast heard by lands or by seas.

Of us church men, both good and ill report,
And how they judge, show us, we thee exhort?

Father, said she, I captive creature,
Dare not presume with such matter to mell;
Of your cases, ye know, I have no cure;
Demand them which with prudence do excel;
I may not pew, my pains have been so fell;
Also perchance ye will not stend content,
To know the vulgar people their judgment;

Yet will death a little withdraw his dart,
All that lieth in my memorial,
I shall declare with true unfeigned heart.

And first, I say to you in general,
The common people saith, ye be all
Degenerate from your holy primitives,
As testifies the process of your lives.

Of your peerless prudent predeceßors,
The beginning, I grant, was very good,
Apostles, martyrs, virgins and confessors,
The sound of their excellent sanctitude,
Was heard o'er all the world, by land and flood
Planting the faith by predication,
As Christ had made to them narration.

To fortify the faith they took no fear,
Before princes, preaching right prudently;
Of dolorous death they doubted not the dear,
The verity declaring fervently.
And martyrdom they suffered patiently;
They took no cure of lands, riches nor rent,
Doctrine and death were both equivalent.

To show their works at length were great wonder,
Whose miracles they were so manifest,
In name of Christ they healed many hunder,
Raising the dead, and purging the posselt
With perverse spirits which had been opprest;
The crooked ran, the blind men got their een,
The deaf man heard, and lepers were made clean.

The prelates sponfed were with poverty,
Into those days when they flourisht with fame;
And with her genred lady chastity,
And dame devotion notable of name;
Lumbe they were, simple and full of shame.

Thus

Thus chastity, and dame devotion,
Were principal cause of their promotion.

Thus they continued in this life divine,
Ay till there reigned in Rome's great city,
A potent prince was named Constantine,
Perceiv'd the church had spoused poverty,
With good intent, and moved with pity,
Cause of divorce he put between them two,
And parted them withoutten words mo.

Then shortly with a great solemnity,
Withoutten any dispensation,
The church he spoused with dame Property,
Which hastily by proclamation,
To poverty caus'd to make narration,
Under the pain of piercing of her een,
That with the church she never should be seen.

Saint Sylvester the time reigu'd pope in Rome,
Which first consented to the marriage
Of property, of which began the bloom,
Taking the cure on her with his courage;
Devotion drew her to an hermitage,
When she considered lady property
So high exalted into dignity.

○ Sylvester! where was thy discretion,
Which Peter did renounce, thou didst receive;
Andrew and John they did leave their possessions,
Their ships, and nets, their lines, and all they leave,
Of temporal substance nothing would they heave,
Contrarious to their contemplation,
But soberly their sustentation.

John the Baptist went to the wilderness,
Lazarus, Murtha, and Mary Magdalen,
Left heritage and goods, both more and less.
Prudent St. Paul thought property prophane,
From town to town he ran in wind and rain
Upon his feet, teaching the word of grace,
And never was subjected to riches,

The Gled then said; I hear nothing but good,
Proceed shortly, and thy matter advance,
The Papingo said, father, by the rood,
It were too long to hear the circumstance.
How property with her new alliance,

Grew great with child, as true men to me told,
 And bare two daughters goodly to behold,
 The eldest daughter named was Riches,
 The second sister Sensuality
 Which did increase within a short process
 Per-pleasant to the spirituality,
 In great substance and excellent beauty,
 These ladies two grew-so within few years,
 That in the world were none might be their peers,
 Thus royal Riches and lady Sensual,
 From that time forth they took whole governance
 Of the most part of the spiritual;
 And they again with humble observance,
 Amorously their wits they did advance,
 As true lovers their ladies for to please;
 God wot if then their hearts were right at ease.
 Some they forgot to study, pray and preach,
 They grew so subject to dame sensual;
 And thought but pain poor people for to teach;
 Yet they decreed it into their counsel,
 They would no more to marriage be thral,
 Trusting surely to observe chastity,
 And all beguiled said sensuality.
 That they might live at large without thirlage
 At liberty to lead their lusty lives,
 Thinking men thral that been in marriage:
 For new faces provoke do new courage,
 Thus chastity they turned into delight,
 Wanting of wives been cause of appetite.
 Dame Chastity did steal away for shame,
 When once she did perceive their purveyance;
 Dame sensual a letter did proclaim,
 And her excell'd Italy and France.
 In England could she get no ordinance,
 Then to the king, and to the court of Scotland
 She turned her withoutten more demand.
 Trusting into that court to get comfort,
 She made her humble supplication;
 Shortly, they said, she should get no support,
 But threatned her with blasphemation;
 So priests go make your protestation;

It

It is, said they, many a hundred year,
Since chastity had any entrance here.

Tyred for travel, she to the priest past,
And to the rulers of religion;
Of her presence shortly they were agast,
Saying they thought it but abusion
Her to receive; So with conclusion,
With one advice decreed and gave doom,
They would receive no rebel out of Rome.

Should we receive that Romans have refused,
And banisht England, Italy, and France,
For your flat ery, then were we well abused?
Pass hence, said, and fast your ways advance,
Among the nuns go seek your ordinance,
For we have made oaths of fidelity,
To dame riches and sensuality.

Then patiently she made progression
Towards the nuns with heart sighing full sore;
They gave her presence with procession,
Receiving her with honour, laud and glore,
Purposing to preserve her evermore,
Of that novels came to dame property,
To riches and to sensuality,

Which sped them at the post right speedily,
And set a siege proudly about the place;
The silly nuns did yield them hastily
And humbly of that guilt they asked grace,
Then gave their bands of perpetual peace;
Receiving them, they cast up doors wide,
Then chastity there no longer might abide,

So for refuge fast to the friers she fled,
Who said, they would of ladies take no cure.
Where is she now? then said the greedy gled.
Not among you, said she, I you assure,
I trust she be upon the Borrow moor,
Besouth Edisburgh, and that right many means,
Profest among the sisters of the seans.

There hath she found her mother poverty,
And Devotion, her own sister carnal:
There hath she found faith hope and charity,
Together with the virtuous cardinal,
There hath she found a convent, yet unthral

To dame Sensual, nor yet with riches abused,
So quietly these ladies are inclosed.

The Pyat said, I dread that they assailed,
They render them, as did the holy nuns.
Doubt not, said she, for they are so attailed,
They purpose to defend them by their guns:
Ready to shoot, they have six great cannons,
Perseverance, constance and conscience,
Austerity, labour, and abstinence.

To resist subtle Sensuality,
Strongly they are enarmed feet and hand
By abstinence, and kepted poverty,
Contrair riches, and all her false servands,
They have a bombard brased up in bands,
To keep their porr, in the midst of their closs,
Which is called, *Domine, custodi nris*.

Within whose shot there dare no enemies
Approach their place, for dread of dints dour:
Both day and night they work as busy bees,
For their defence, ready to stand in flour:
And have such watches on their outer tower,
That dame Sensual with siege dare not assaily,
Nor come within a shot of their artailly.

The Pyat said, Whereto should they presume,
For to resist sweet Sensuality.

Or dame riches, which rulers are at Rome?
Are they more constant in their quality,
Then the princes of spirituality,
Which pleasantly withoutten obstinacie,
Have them received in their habitacie.
How long trust ye, these ladies shall remain
So solitar in such perfection?

The Papingo said, brother, in certain,
So long as they obey correction,
Choosing their heads by election,
Unthral to riches and to poverty,
But as requireth their necessity.

O prudent prelates, where was your prescience,
That took in hand to observe chastity,
But austere life, labour, and abstinence?
Perceive ye not the great prosperity,
Apparently to come of property?

Ye know great chear, great ease and idleness
To lechery was mother and mistress.

Thou rav'st unrock'd, the raven said by the rood,
So to reprove riches and property ;
Abraham and Isaac were rich, and very good ;
Jacob and Joseph had prosperity.
The Papingo said, That is of verity :
Riches, I grant, is not to be refused,
Providing als that they be not abused.

Then laid the Raven a replication,
And said : Thy reason is not worth a mite,
As I shall prove with protestation :
That no man take my words into despite :
I say, the temporal princes have the wite,
That in the church such pastors do provide,
To govern souls, themselves that cannot guide.

Long time after the church took property,
The prelates liv'd in great perfection,
Unthral to riches or sensuality,
Under the holy Spirit's protection,
Orderly chosen by election,
As Gregory, Jerome, Ambrose and Augustine,
Benedick, Bernard, Clement, Clete and Line.

Such patient prelates entered by the port,
Pleasing the people by predication :
Now dyke-loupers do in the church resort,
By symonie and supplication
Of princes, by their presentation :
So silly souls, that are the Lord's sheep,
Are given to hungry ravenous wolves to keep.

No wonder is though we religious men,
Degenred be, and in our life confused,
But sing and drink, none other craft we ken,
Our spiritual fathers have us so abused :
Against our will these traitors been intrused.
Laick men have now religious men in cures,
Profest virgins in keeping of strong whores.

Princes, princes, where is your high prudence,
In disposition of your benefices ?
The guardoning of your courticiens,
Is some cause of these great enormities :
There is a sort waiting like hungry flies,

For spiritual cure, though they be nothing able,
Whose greedy thirst been aye insatiable.

Princes, I pray you, be no more abused,
To virtuous men having so small regard;
Why should virtue through flattery be refused,
That man of cunning can get no reward?
Alas! that ever a bragger or a baird,
A whore master or common hazarture,
Should in the church get any kind of cure.

Were I a man worthy to wear a crown,
Ay when there vaked any benefices,
I should cause call a congregation,
The principal of all the prelacies,
Most cunning clerks of universities,
Most famous fathers of religion,
With their advice make disposition.

I should dispoñe all offices pastoral,
To doctors of divinity or jure:
And cause dame Virtue pull up all her sails.
When cunning men had in the church more cure.
Cause lords send their sons, I you assure,
To seek science, and famous schools frequent,
Then them promote that were most sapient.

Great pleasure 'twere to hear a bishop preach,
A dean, a doctor of divinity,
An abbot which could well the covent teach,
A parson flowing in philosophy,
I time my time to with what will not be.
Were not the preaching of the begging friers;
Lost were the faith among the seculars.

As for their preaching, said the Papingo,
I them excuse, for why, they been so thrall
To Property, and her dign daughters two,
Dame Riches, and fair lady Sensual:
They may not use no pastime spiritual;
And in their habits take such great delite,
They have refused russet and raploch white.

Taking to them scarlet and cramosie,
Wit menever, mertrick, greece and rich armine;
Their low hearts exalted are so hie,
To see their papal pomp it is a pine.
More rich array is now with frinyies fine,

Upon the bairding of the bishops mool,
Than e'er had Peter or Paul against yool.

Their fair ladies their chains may not escape,
Dame Sensual such seed in them hath sown :
Lefs skaith it were with licence of the pope,
That each prelate a wife had of his own,
Than see their bastards thro' the country blown,
For now be they welcomed from the schools,
They fall to work as they were common bulls.

Pew, said the Gled, thou preacheest all in vain,
Ye secular folks have of our case no cures.
I grant, said she, yet men will speak again,
How ye have made a hundred thousand whores,
Which had not been, were not your lecherous lures
And if I lie, heartily I me repent :
Was ne'er a bird, I know more penitent.

Then she her shrave with devout countenance,
To that false Gled, which feigned him a frier ;
And when she had fulfilled her pennance,
Full subtilly at her he can enquire :
Chuse you, said he, which of us brethren here,
Shall have of our natural goods the cures :
You know none been more holy creatures.

I am content, said the poor Papingo,
That you frier Gled, and Corby monk your brother,
Have cure of all my goods, and eke no mo,
Since at this time friendship I find no other.
We shall be to you true, as to our brother,
Said they, and swore to fulfil her intent.
Of that, said she, I take an instrument.

The Pyat said, What shall mine office be ?
O'er man, said she, unto the other two.
The rousing Raven said, sweet sister, let see
Your whole intent, for it is time to go.
The greedy Gled said, brother, do not so,
We will remain, and here hold up her head,
And ne'er depart from her till she be dead.

The Papingo thanking them tenderly,
And said, Since ye have ta'en on you the cure,
Then part my natural goods equally,
That e'er I had or have of dame nature,
First to the Howlat, indigent and poor,

Which

Which on the day for shame dare not be seen,
To her I leave my gay galbert of green.

My bright depured eyes as crystal clear,
Unto the Bat ye shall them both present,
In Phœbus presence which dare not appear,
Of natural light he is so impotent.
My birnisht back I leave with good intent
Unto the gentle piteous Pelican,
To help to pierce her tender heart in twain.

I leave the Gouk which hath no song but one,
My musick with my voice angelical:
And to the Goose give ye when I am gone,
Mine eloquence and tongue rhetorical;
And take and dry my bones great and small,
Then close them in a case of ebon fine,
And them present unto the Phenix syne.
To burn with her when she her life renews,
In Arabic ye shall her find but weer,
And shall her know by her most heavenly hews,
Gold, azure, gules, purple and syneper:
Her date is for to live five hundred year,
Make to that bird my commendation,
Also I make you supplication.

Since of my corps I have given you the cure,
Ye speed you to the court but tarrying,
And take my heart of perfect portraiture,
And it present unto the soveraign king:
I know he will it close into a ring.
Commend me to his Grace, I you exhort,
And of my passion make him true report.

Ye three my tripes shall have for your travel,
With liyer and lung to part equal among you,
Praying Pluto the potent prince of hell,
If ye failyie, that in his net he fang you,
Be to me true, though I nothing belang you,
Sore I suspect your conscience been too large.
Doubt not, said they, we take it with the charge.

Adieu, brethren, said the poor Papingo,
To talk no more, I have no time to tarry:
But since my spirit must from my body go,
I recommend it to thee qucen of Farie;
Eternally into her court to tarric

In wilderness among the L^ore hore,
Then she inclin'd her head, and spake no more.

Plunged into her mortal passion,
Full grievously she gripped to the ground :
It were too long to make narration,
With eyes full sore, with many a sting and flound
Out of the wound the blood did so abound,
A compass round was with her blood made red:
Without remead there is nothing but dead.

And by she had in *Maurus tuas* said,
Extingted were her natural senses five ;
Her head full softly on her shoulders laid,
Then yield the sp^rit with pains pungitive.
The Raven began rudely to rug and rive,
Full ravenous like, his empty throat to feed ;
But softly brother (said the greedy Gled.)

While she is hot, let's part her even among us,
Take thou one half, and reach to me the other ;
Into our right, I wot no wight dare wrong us,
The Pyat said, The fiend receive the other,
Why make ye me a step-bairn, and I your brother ;
You do me wrong (sir Gled) I shrew your heart.
'Take her, said he, the puddings for thy part.

Then wot ye well mine heart was wonder fair,
For to behold that dolent departing :
Her angel feathers flying in the air,
Except the heart was left of her nothing :
The Pyat said, That pertains to the king,
Which to his Grace I purpose to present,
Thou, said the Gled, shalt fail of thine intent.

The Raven said, God nor I rax in a rope,
If thou get this to either king or duke.
The Pyat said, plain I not to the pope,
Then in a smiddy I be smor'd with smook,
With that the Gled the piece caught in her clook,
And fled his way, the rest with all their might,
To chase the Gled, flew all out of my sight.

Now have ye heard the little tragedie,
The sore complaint, the testament and mischance
Of this poor bird which did ascend so hie:
Beseeching you excuse mine ignorance,
And rude indite, which is not to advance,

And to the queer I give commandement,
Make no repair where poets been present.

Because thou been of rhetorick so denude,
Be never seen near hand none other book;
With king nor queen, with lord nor men of good.
With coat unclean claim kindred to some cook;
Steal in a nook, when they list on thee look
For smell of smook men will abhor to hear thee,
Here I forswear thee, wherefore to lurk go lear thee.

The Dream of Sir DAVID LINDSAY of the Mount,
Knight, familiar Servitor to our Sovereign Lord King
JAMES the Fifth.

The Epistle to the King's Grace.

RIGHT potent prince of high imperial blood,
Unto thy grace I trust it be well known,
My service done unto thy celsitude,
Which needeth not at length for to be shewn;
And though my youth hood ne'er be overblown,
Exercis'd in the service of your excellence;
Hope hath me heght a goodly recompence.

When thou wast young I bare thee in mine arm,
Full tenderly till thou began to gang;
And in thy bed oft happed thee full warm,
With lute in hand, then sweetly to thee sang,
Sometime in dancing fiercely I sang,
And sometimes playing fairlies on the flure,
And sometime of mine office taking cure.

And sometime like a fiend transfigure,
And sometimes like a greazy ghost of gay,
In divers forms oft-times disfigure,
And sometimes disguised full pleasantly.

So since thy birth, I have continually
Been exercis'd, and ay to thy pleasure;
And sometimes steward, capper, and carvour.

Thy purse-master and secret thesaurer,

Thine usher ay since thy nativity;
And in thy chamber chief cubicular,
Which to this hour hath kepted my lawtie,

Loving

Loving be to the blessed Trinity,
That such a wretched worm hath made so able,
To such a prince to be so agreeable.

But now thou art by natural influence,
High of ingine, and right inquisitive,
Of antique stories, and deeds martial;
More pleasantly the time for to o'er-drive,
I have at length the stories to describe,
Of Hector, Arthur, and gentle Julius,
Of Alexander and worthy Pompeius.

Of Jason and Medea all at length,
Of Hercules the acts honourable,
And of Samson's supernatural strength,
And of leel lovers the stories amiable.
And oft times have I feigned many a fable
Of Troylus the sorrow and the joy,
And sieges all of Tyr, Thebes and Troy.

The prophecies of Rymer, Bede, and Merlin,
And many other pleasant history,
Of the red Erin, and Gyre Carlin:
Comforting thee when that I saw thee sory:
Now with support of the King of Glory,
I shall thee show a story of the new,
The which before I never to thee shew.

But humbly I beseech thine Excellence,
With ornate terms though I cannot express
This simple matter for lack of eloquence;
Yet notwithstanding all my business,
With heart and hand my mind I will address,
As best I can and most compendious.
Now I begin, the matter happened thus.

The Prologue.

INTO the kalends of January,
When fresh Phoebus by moving circular.
From Capricorn was entred in Aquary,
With blasts that had the branches made full bare:
The snow and sleet perturbed all the air,
And fleeced Flora from every bank and bus,
Through the support of austere Eolus.

After

The Prologue.

After that I the longsome winter night
Had lien waking in my bed alone ;
Through heavy thought that no way sleep I might
Remembering of divers things by-gone.
Up I rose and clothed me anone :
By this fair Titan with his beams light,
Over the world had spread his banner bright.
With cloke and hood I dressed me belive
With double shoes and mittans on my hands,
Albeit the air was right penetrative,
Yet sure I forth, lanching o'er thro' the lands
Toward the sea, to sport me on the sands ;
Because unbloomed was both bank and bray ;
And so as I was passing by the way,
I met dame Flora in dole-weed disguis'd,
Which into May was dulce and delectable,
With sturdy storms her sweetness was surpris'd :
Her heavenly hews were turned into sable,
Which sometime were to lovers amiable :
Killed from the frost the tender flowers I saw,
Under dame natures mantle lurking law.
The small fowls in flocks saw I flee,
To nature making lamentation :
They lighted down beside me on a tree :
Of their complaint I had compassion,
And with a piteous lamentation,
They said, blessed be summer with thy flowers,
And waried be thou winter with thy showers.
Alas, Aurora, the silly lark can cry,
Where hast thou left thy balmy liquor sweet
That us rejoic'd, we mounting in the sky ?
Thy silver drops are turned into fleet.
O sary Phœbus, where is thy wholesome heat ?
Why sufferest thou thy heavenly pleasant face,
With misty vapours be obscur'd ? alas !
Why art thou May with June thy sister sheen,
Well bordered with desires of delight ?
And gentle July with thy mantle green,
Embalmed with roses both red and white ?
Now old and cold January in despite,
Reaves from us all pastime and pleasure :
Alas ! what gentle heart can this endure ?

Overfyled

Overfyled with the clouds odious,
 Was the golden skies of the orient;
 Changing in sorrow songs melodious,
 Which we had wont to sing with good intent,
 Refounding to the heavens firmament;
 But now our day is changed into night.
 With that they rose, and flew out of my sight.

Renfive in heart, passing full soberly,
 Unto the sea forward I past anone;
 The sea was out, the sand was smooth and dry,
 Then up and down I mused mine alone,
 Till that I spy'd a little cave of stone,
 High in a craig, upward I did approach,
 Without staying, and clamb up to the rock.

And purposed for passing of the time,
 Me to defend from otiosity,
 With pen and paper to registrate in rhyme,
 Some merry matter of antiquity:
 But idleness, ground of iniquity,
 She made so dull my spirits me within,
 That I knew not at what end to begin.

But fate still in that cave, where I might see
 The waltering of the waves up and down;
 And this false world's instability,
 Unto the sea making comparison,
 And of this wretched world's variation;
 To them that fixes all their whole intent,
 Considering who most bad, should most repent.

So with my hood I happed me full warm;
 And in my cloke I folded both my feet;
 I thought my corps with cold should take no harm,
 My mittens held my hands full well in heat,
 The scouling rock me covered from the fleet,
 There still did I sit my bones for to rest,
 Till Morpheus with sleep my spirit opprest.

So through the boisterous blast of Eolus,
 And through my waking on the night before:
 And through the seas moving marvellous,
 By *Neptunus* with many a rout and roar,
 Constrained was to sleep withouten more,
 And what I dreamed in conclusion,
 I shall you tell a most marvellous vision.

The Dream of Sir DAVID LINDSAY.

I Thought a lady of portraiture perfite,
 Did salute me with benign countenance;
 And I which of her presence had delight,
 To her again made humble-reverence,
 And her demanded, saving her pleasure,
 What was her name? She answered courteously.
 Dame Remembrance, said she, called am I.
 Which come now am for pastime and for pleasure,
 Of thee, and for to bear thee company;
 Because I see thy spirit without measure,
 So sore perturbed by melancholy:
 Causing thy corps to wax both cold and dry,
 Therefore get up, and go anone with me.
 So were we both in twinkling of an eye.

Down through the earth in midst of the center,
 Ere e'er I wist, into the lowest hell:
 And in that cursed cave when we did enter,
 Youting and youling we heard with many a yell,
 In flames of fire right furious and fell,
 Was crying many careful creature,
 Blaspheming God, and warring Nature.

There saw we divers popes and emperors,
 Without recover many careful king.
 There saw we many wrongous conquerors,
 Withoutten right reavers of others reigns:
 The men of kirk lay bonden into bings.
 There saw we many careful cardinal,
 And arch-bishops in their pontifical.

Proud and perverse prelates out of number,
 Priors, abbots, and false flattering friars;
 To specify them all it were a cumber,
 Regular chanons, churl monks and chatterers,
 Curious clerks, and priests seculars,
 There was some sort of each religion,
 In holy kirk which did abusion.

Then I demanded dame Remembrance,
 The cause of these prelates punition?
 She said, The cause of their unhappy chance,

Was

Was covetous lust and ambition,
The which now makes them lack fruition
Of God, and here eternally must dwell,
Into this painful poisoned pit of hell.

And they did not instruct the ignorant,
Provoking them to penitence by preaching :
But served worldly princes insolent,
And were promoted with their feigned fleeching,
Not for their science, wisdom, nor their teaching.
By Simonie was their promotion,
More for deniers, than for devotion.

Another cause of the punishment
Of these unhappy prelates imprudent,
They made not equal distribution
Of holy kirk patrimony, nor rent ;
But temporally they have it all mispent,
Which should have been triparted into three ;
First, to uphold the kirk in honesty.

The second part to sustain their estates.
The third part to be given to the poor ;
But they dispoise their goods all other gates,
On carts and dice, on harlotry and whores.
Those catives took no cure of their cures,
Their church ruin, their ladies cleanly cled,
And richly ruled both in boord and bed.

Their bastard bairns proudly they provided,
The kirk goods largely they did on them spend ;
In their default their subdites were misguided,
And counted not their God for to offend,
Which caus'd them lack grace at the latter end.
Ruling that rout, I saw in cups of brals,
Simon Magus, and bishop Cajaphas.

Bishop Annas, and the traitor Judas,
Mahomet that prophet poisonable :
Core, Dathan and Abiram there was,
Hereticks we saw innumerable,
It was a sight right wondrous lamentable,
How that they lay into the flames fleeting,
With careful cries, sore groaning and weeping.

Religious men were punished painfully,
For vain glory and disobedience,
Breaking their constitution wilfully :

Not having their over-men in reverence,
To know their rule they took no diligence;
Unlawfully they used property,
Passing the bounds of wilful poverty.

Full sore weeping, with voices lamentable,
They cried loud, O emperor Constantine,
We may wite thy possession poisonable,
Of all our great punishment and pain;
Albeit your purpose was to a good fine,
Thou banisht from us true devotion.
Having such eye to our promotion.

There we beheld a den full dolorous,
Where that princes and lords temporal
Were cruciate with pains rigorous.
But to expream their pains in special,
It doth exceed all my memorial;
Importable pain they had but comforting;
Their blood royal made them no supporting.

Some cative king for cruel oppression,
And other some for their wrongous conquests,
Were condemned they and their succession,
Some for public adultery and incest,
Some suffered people ne'er to live in rest,
Delighted so in pleasure sensual,
Wherefore their pain was there perpetual.

There was the cursed emperor Nero,
Of every vice the horrible vessel

There was Pharoah, with many princes mo,
Oppressors of the children of Israel,
Herod, with many mo than I can tell,
Once Pilate was there hanged by the heels,
With unjust judges, for their sentence false.

Dukes, marquesses, earls, barrons and knights,
With their princes was punisht painfully,
Participant they were of their uprights,
Forward we went, and let these lords ly,
And saw where ladies lamentably,
Like mad lions were carefully crying,
In flame of fire right furiously frying.

Empresses, queens, and ladies of honour,
Many dutchess, and countess full of care,
They pierst mine heart these tender creatures,

So pined in that pit full of despair,
Plunged in pain with many ruthless rare,
Some for their pride, some for adultery,
And for their tyling of men to lechery.

Some had been cruel and malicious,
Some for making of wrongous heretors.
For to rehearse their lives vicious,
It were a great stay to the auditors.
Of lechery they were the very lures,
With their prevocative impuicity,
Brought many a man to infelicity.

Some women for their puslanimity,
O'er-set with shame they did them never thrive,
Of secret sins done into quiety,
And some repented never in their life,
Withoutten ruth these ruffians did them reive
Rigorously without any compassion,
Great was their dole and lamentation.

That we were made they cry'd full oft, alas!
Thus tormented with pains intollerable
We minded not when we had time and space,
But took in earth our lusts delectable;
Wherefore with fiends ugly and horrible,
We are condemned for evermore, alas!
Eternally withoutten hope of grace.

Where is the meat and drink delicious,
With which we fed our careful carions:
Gold, silver, silk, and pearls precious,
Our riches, rents, and our possessions,
Withoutten hope of our remissions.
Alas! our pains they are insufferable,
And our torments to count innumerable.

Then we beheld where many a thousand
Common people lay fighting in the fire:
Of every state there was a bailful band.
There might been seen many a sorrowful fire,
Some for envy suffered, and some for ire;
And some for lack of restitution;
Of wrongous goods without remission.

Mensworn merchants for their wrongous wining
Heurders of gold, and common userers:
False men of law in cautels right cunning;

Thieves,

Thieves, reavers, and publick oppressers ;
Some part there were of unleal labourers,
Craftsmen there saw we out of number ;
Of each sort to declare, it were a cumber.

Also longsome for me is to indite,
Of this prison the pains in special :
The heat, the cold, the dolor and despite,
Wherefore I speak of them in general
That doleful den, that furnace infernal,
Whose reward is to rew without remead,
Ever dying, and never to be dead.

Hunger and thirst instead of meat and drink,
And for their clothing, tades and scorpions :
The dark mansion is tapissed with flink,
They see nothing but horrible visions :
They have but scornis and derisions,
Of foul fiends, and blasphemations.
Their feeling is importable passions.

For melody, miserable mourning ;
There was no solace, but dolor infinite,
In bailful beds bitterly burning,
With sobing, sighing, sorrow, and with spite ;
Their consciences their hearts did so bite :
To hear them flyte, it was a cause of care,
So in despite plunged into despair.

A little above that dolorous dungeon,
We entered into a country full of care,
Where that we saw many a legion,
Weeping and howling with many a ruthful rair :
What place is that, said I, of blis so bare ?
She answered, and said Purgatory,
Which purgeth souls ere they can come to glory..

I see no pleasure here, but meikle pain :
Wherefore, said I, leave we this sort in thrall,
I purpose never to come here again.
But yet I do believe, and ever shall,
That the true kirk can no ways err at all ;
Such things to be, as clerks do conclude,
Albeit my hope stands most in Christ's blood.

Above that, in the third prison anone,
We entered in a place of perdition,
Where many babes were making dreary moan,

Because they lacked the fruition
Of God, which was the great punition
Of baptism, they lacked the ensenyie,
Upward we went, and left that mirthless menyie.

Into a vault above that place of pain,
Unto the which but sojourn we ascended,
That was the limb in the which did remain
Our fore-fathers, because Adam offended,
Eating the fruit the which was so offended,
Many a year they dwelt in that dungeon,
With darkness and with desolation.

Then through the earth of nature cold and dry,
Glad to escape thole places perilous ;
We hasted us right wonder speedily,
Yet we beheld the secret marvellous,
Of mines of gold and stones precious :
Of silver, and every fine metal,
Which to declare, it were too long to dwell.

Up through the water shortly we intended,
Which environs earth withoutten doubt ;
Then thro' the air shortly we ascended,
His regions through beholding in and out,
Which earth and water closed round about,
Syne shortly upward through the fire we went,
Which was the highest and hottest element.

When we had all the elements overpast,
That is to say, earth, water, air and fire,
Upward we went withoutten any rest,
To see the heavens was our most desire :
But ere we might win to the heaven's empire,
It behoved us to pass the way full even,
Up through the spheres of the planets seven.

First to the moon, and visit all her sphere,
Queen of the sea, and beauty of the night,
Of nature moist and cold, and nothing clear,
For of herself she hath none other light,
But the reflex of Pecebus beams so bright,
The twelve signs she passeth round about,
In eight and twenty days withoutten doubt.

Then we ascended to Mercurius,
Which poets call the god of eloquence :
Right doctor-like with terms delicious,

In art expert, and full of sapience.
It was pleasure to pause on his prudence;
Painters and poets are subject to his cure,
And hot and dry he is of his nature.

Also as cunning astrologers say,
He doth compleat his course naturally,
In three hundred and eight and thirty days,
Then upward we ascended hastily
To fair Venus, where she right lustily
Was set into a seat of silver sheen,
That fair fresh goddess, that lusty love's queen.

They pierc'd mine heart her blinks amorous,
Albeit that sometime she is changeable;
With countenance, and chearful colourous,
Sometime right pleasant, glad and delectable;
Sometime constant, and sometime variable;
Yet her beauty resplendent as the fire,
Swages the wrack of Mars that god of ire.

This pleasant planet, if I can right describe,
She is both hot and moist of her nature:
This is the cause she is prevocative
To all them that are subject to her cure
To Venus' works so that they may endure,
And she compleat her courses natural,
In twelve months without any fail.

Then past we to the sphere of Phoebus bright,
That lusty lamp and lantern of the heaven:
And gladder of the stars with his clear light,
And principal of all the planets seven,
And set in midst of them all full even,
As roy royal rolling into his sphere,
Full pleasantly into his golden chair.

Whose influence and virtue excellent,
Giveth the life to every earthly thing:
Which prince of every planet precellent,
Doth foster flowers, and causeth herbs to spring
Thro' the cold earth, and causeth birds to sing:
Also his regular reigning in the heaven,
Is just under the zodiac full even.

For to describe his diadem royal,
Bordered about with stones shining full bright:
His golden cart or throne imperial,

The four floods that draweth it full right.
 I leave to poets, because I have no slight:
 But of his nature he is hot and dry,
 Compleating in one year his course truly.
 Then up to Mars in by we hasted us,
 Wonder hot, and dryer than the thunder,
 His face flaming as fire furious,
 His boast and brag more awful than an hunder,
 Made all the heaven most like to shake asunder:
 Who would behold his countenance and fear,
 Might call him well the god of men of wear.

With choler red, and look malicious,
 Right choleric of his complexion,
 Austere, angry, soure and seditious,
 Principal cause of the destruction
 Of many good and noble region,
 Were not Venus his ire doth mitigate,
 This world of peace would be right desolate.
 The god of grief withoutten sojourning,
 In years two his course he doth compleat,
 Then past we up where Jupiter the king,
 Sat in his sphere right amiable and sweet,
 Complexionate with moistness and with heat.
 That pleasant prince, fair, dulce, and delicate,
 Provoked peace, and banished debate.

The old poets by superstition,
 Held Jupiter the father principal
 Of all these gods, in conclusion,
 Of his prerogative in special,
 And by his virtues into general,
 To old Saturn he maketh resistance,
 When in his malice he would work vengeance.

Thus Jupiter withoutten sojourning,
 Passeth through all the twelve signs full even
 In years twelve: Then without tarrying,
 We past into the highest of the seven,
 To Saturnus, which troubleth all the heavens;]
 With heavy chear, and colour pale as lead,
 In him we saw but dolor to the dead.

And cold and dry is he of his nature,
 Foul like an owl, of evil condition,
 Right unpleasant he is of portraiture,

His intoxicate disposition,
It puts all things in perdition :
Ground of sickness and melancholius
Perverse and poor, both false and envious.

His quality I cannot love but lack,
As for this moving natural but weer,
About the signs of all the Zodiack,
He doth compleat his course in thirty year :
And so we left him in his frosty sphere :
Upward we did ascend incontinent,
But rest, till we came to the firmament.

The which was fixed full of stars bright,
Of figure round, right pleasant and perfite :
Whose influence and right excellent right,
And whose number cannot be put in write,
Yet cunning clerks do naturally indite,
How he doth end his course withouten weer,
In the space of an hundred and thirty year.

Then the ninth sphere and mover principal,
Of all the rest, we visit all the heaven,
Whose daily motion is continual,
Both firmament and all the planets seven,
From east to west making them go full even,
Into the space of four and twenty years ;
Yet by the mind of the astronomers.

The seven planets into their proper spheres,
From east to west they move naturally :
Some swift, some slow, as to their kind effects,
As I have shown before especially :
Whose motion causeth continually,
Right melodious harmony and sound,
And all thro' moving of these planets round.
Then mounted we with right fervent desire,
Up through the heavens called the crystalline :
And so we entered into the heavens empire,
Which to describe it passeth mine engine,
Where God into his holy throne divine,
Reigns in his glory inestimable,
With angels clear which are innumerable.

In order nine these spirits glorious
Are divided, the which excellently,
Making loving with sound melodious :

Seeing

Seeing Sanctus right wonder fervently.
 These orders nine they are full pleasantly
 Divided into hierarchies three,
 And three orders in every hierarchie.

The lowest order are the angels bright,
 As messengers to this low region :
 The second order's arch-angel full of might,
 Virtues, potestats, principats of renown.
 The sixth is called domination :
 The seventh thronus, the eighth high cherubin,
 The ninth and highest called Seraphin ;

And next unto the blessed Trinity,
 In his triumphant throne imperial,
 Three into One, and one substance in Three,
 Whose indivisible essence eternal,
 The rude ingine of mankind is too small
 To comprehend ; whose power infinite,
 And divine nature, no creature can write.

So mine ingine is not sufficient,
 For to treat of his high divinity :
 All mortal men are insufficient
 To consider these three in unity.
 Such subtle matter I must needs let be,
 To study on my creed it were full fair,
 And let doctors of such matters declare.

Then we beheld the blest humanity
 Of Christ sitting upon his seat royal,
 At the right hand of the Divinity :
 With an excellent court celestial,
 Whose exercitation continual
 Was in loving their Prince with reverence,
 And on this wise they kept ordinance.

Next to the throne we saw the Queen of queens,
 Well companied with ladies of delight ;
 Sweet was the song of these blessed virgins,
 No mortal man their solace may endite,
 The angels bright innumerable infinite,
 Every order into their own degree,
 Were officers unto the Deity.

Patriarchs and prophets honourable,
 Collateral counsellors in his consistory :
 Evangelists, Apostles venerable,

Were captains unto the king of glory,
Which chiftain-like had won the victory,
Of that triumphant court celestial :
Saint Peter was lieutenant general.

The martyrs were as noble stalwart knights
Discomfited of cruel battles three,
The flesh, the world, the fiend and all their mights,
Confessors, doctors in divinity,
As chappel-clerks unto his Deity ;
And last we saw infinite multitude,
Making service unto his Cellitude.

Which by the high divine permission.
Felicity they had invariable,
And of his God-head clear cognition,
And compleat peace they had interminable ;
Their glore and honor was inseparable :
That pleasant place repleat of pulchritude,
Unmeasurable it was of magnitude.

There is plenty of all pleasures perfect,
And clear brightness without obscurity,
Withoutten dolor, vulcor and delite :
Withoutten rancour, perfect charity :
Withoutten hunger, satiability :
O happy are the souls predestinate,
When soul and body shall be glorificate.

These marvellous mirths for to declare
By arithmetick, they are innumerable :
The portraiture of that palace perclare,
By geometry it is unmeasurable,
By rhetorick also inpronounceable ;
There is no ears may hear, nor eyes may see,
Nor heart may think this their felicity
Wherefore should I presume for to endite,
The which saint Paul, that doctor sapient,
Cannot exprefs, nor into paper write,
The high excellent work indeficient,
And perfect pleasures ever permanent,
In presence of that mighty king of glore,
Which was, and is, and shall be evermore.

At Remembrance I humbly did desire,
If I might in that pleasure still remain.
Said she, against reason is thy desire,

Wherefore,

Wherefore, my friend, thou must return again
 Into the world, where thou must suffer pain,
 And thole the death with cruel pains fore,
 Ere thou begin to reign with him in glore.

Then we returned, sore against my will,
 Down through the spheres of the heavens clear :
 Her commandment behov'd I to fulfil,
 With sorry heart wot ye, withoutten weer,
 I would full fain have stayed there all year ;
 But she said to me, there is no remead,
 Ere thou remainest here first thou must be dead.

Said I, I pray you heartily, madame,
 Since that we have such contemplation
 Of heavenly pleasures ; yet ere we pass hame,
 Let us have some consideration
 Of earth, and her situation.

She answered and said, That shall be done.
 So were we brought into the air full soon :

Where we might see the earth alhat one sight,
 But like a mote so it appear'd to me,
 In the respect of the heavens bright.
 I have marvel, said I, how this may be,
 The earth it seems of a small quantity ?
 The least star fixed in the firmament,
 Is more than all the earth, by my judgment.

Said she, son, thou hast shown the verity,
 The smallest star fixt in the firmament,
 Indeed is of a greater quantity
 Than all the earth, after the intent
 Of the wise and cunning clerks sapient.
 What quantity is then the earth, said I ?
 That shall I show, said she, to thee shortly.

After the names of the astronomers,
 And specially the author of the sphere,
 And other divers great philosophers,
 The quantity of the earth circular,
 Is fifty thousand leagues withoutt. n weer,
 Seven hundred and fifty and one mo,
 Dividing ay one league in miles two :

And every mile in eight stades divided,
 Each stade an hundred pace twenty and five ;
 A pace five foot, who would them right divide :

A foot four palm, as I can right describe :
A palm four inch : and whoſo would believe
The circuit of the earth paſs round about,
Muſt be conſidered in this wiſe, no doubt.

Suppoſe that there were no impediment,
But that the earth but peril were and plain,
Then that a perſon were right diligent,
And went each day ten leagues in certain,
He might paſs round about, and come again
In four years, and fifteen weeks, and days two,
Go read the author, and thou ſhalt find it ſo.

The Diviſion of the Earth.

THEN certainly ſhe took me by the hand,
And ſaid, my ſon, come on thy way with me.
And ſo ſhe made me clearly underſtand,
How that the earth divided was in three.

In Africa, Europe and Aſia,
After the mind of the Coſmographours ;
That is to ſay, the two world's deſcriptures,
Firſt, Aſia is contained in the orient,
And is well more than both the other twain :
Africa and Europe in the occident.

And are divided by the ſea certain,
And that is called the ſea Mediterran,
Which at the ſtrait of Marock hath entry,
That is between Spanye and Barbarie.

Toward the ſouth weſt lieth Africa ;
On the north-weſt Europe doth ſtand,
And all the eaſt containeth Aſia,
On this wiſe is divided the firm land.

It were meikle for me to take in hand,
Theſe regions to declare in ſpecial,
Yet ſhall I ſhow their names in general,

In many divers famous regions,
As divided this part of Aſia,
Well pleniſht with cities, towers and towns,
The great Inde and Meſopotamia,
Pentapolis, Perſia, and Syria,
Cappadocia, Seres, and Armenie,
Babylon, Chaldea, Parth and Arabic.

Sydon,

Sydon, Judea, and Palestina,
 Upper Scythia, Jure and Galilee,
 Aypheria, Bactria and Palestina,
 Hircania, Gampegina and Samaria,
 In little Asia stands Galatie,
 Pamphilia, Ifauria and Lede,
 Rhegia, Arthusia, Assyria and Mede.

Secondly, we considered Africa,
 With many fruitful famous regions,
 As Ethiopie and Tripolitana,
 Zeuges, where standeth that triumphant town,
 Of noble Carthage, that city of renown,
 Garamentes, Napaber and Lybia,
 Egypt also and Mauritania.

Fez, with Numidie, and Tingitane,
 Of Africa, these are the principal.
 Then Europe we considered in certain,
 Whose regions shortly rehearse I shall :
 These principal I find above them all,
 Which are Spanyie, Italy and France ;
 Whose sub regions were meikle to advance.

Neither scythia, Thrace and Caramanie,
 Austria, Histria, and Pannonia ;
 Denmark. Gothland, Grunland, and Almanie ;
 Pole, Hungary, Boem, Norica, Rhetica,
 Helvetia, and divers countries ma.
 Also in four divided is Italie,
 Tuscanie, Hetruria, Naples and Cumpanie.

And sub-divided sundry other ways
 As Lombardie, Venice and other ma,
 Calaber, Romanes, and Genoways
 In Greece, Epirus and Dalmatia,
 Theffalia, Africa and Illyria,
 Achaia, Beotica and Macedon,
 Arcadie, Pierie. and Lacedemon,

And France we saw divided into three,
 Belgica, Celtica, and Aquitane ;
 And sub-divided in Flanders, Picardy,
 Normandy, Gascoign, Burgundy and Bretagne ;
 And other divers Dutcheries in certain,
 The which were too long for to declare :
 Wherefore of them as now I speak no mare.

In Spanyie lies Castile and Arragone,
Navar, Galice, Portugal, and Granate.
Then saw we famous isles many one,
Which in the ocean sea were situate,
Them to describe my wits were desolate ;
Of Cosmography I am not so expert,
For I did never study in that art.

Yet I shall some of their names declare,
As Madagascar, Gades, and Taproban,
And other divers isles both good and fair,
Situate into the sea Miditerran ;
As Cyper, Caddie, Corsica and Saban,
Crete, Abydos, Thoes and Sicilia,
Taplus, Eolie, and many others ma.

Who would at length hear the description
Of every isle, as well as the firm land,
And property of every region,
To study and to read must take in hand,
All the authentick works to understand
Of Plinius and worthy Ptolemie,
Who were expert into Cosmographie.

There shall they find the names and properties
Of every isle, and each region ;
Then I enquired of earthly paradise,
Of the which Adam lost possession :
Then shewed she me the situation
Of that precelling place full of delite,
Whose properties were long for to endite.

Of Paradise.

THIS paradise of all pleasures perfect,
Situate I saw into the orient :
That glorious earth of every flower doth fleet,
The lusty lilies, and roses redolent,
Fresh wholesome fruits indeficient.
Both herb and tree there groweth ever green,
Through virtue of the temperate air serene.

The sweet wholesome aromattick odors,
Proceeding from the herbs medicinal :
The heavenly hew of those fragrant flowers.

It was a sight wonder celestial.
 The perfection to show in special,
 And joys of the region divine,
 Of mankind it exceedeth the ingine.
 And eke so high in situation,
 Surmounting the mid region of the air :
 Where no manner of perturbation
 Of weather may ascend so high as there.
 For floods flowing from a fountain fair,
 As Tygres, Ganges. Euphrates and Nile,
 Which in the east transcurreth many a mile.

The country closed is about full right,
 With walls high of hot and burning fire,
 And straitly kept by an angel bright.
 Since the departing of Adam our grandsyr,
 Which through his crime incurred God's ire,
 And of that place lost the possession,
 Both for himself and his succession.

When this lovesome lady Remembrance,
 All this foresaid, had caus'd me understand,
 I prayed her of her benevolence,
 To show me the country of Scotland,
 Well son, said she, that shall I take in hand :
 So suddenly she brought me in certain,
 Even just above the broad isle of Britain.

Which standeth north-west into the ocean sea,
 And divided into famous regions two :
 The south part England a full rich countrie,
 Scotland the north, with many isles mo,
 By west England, Ireland doth stand also,
 Whose properties I will not take in hand
 To show at length, but only of Scotland.

Of the Realm of Scotland.

WHICH after my simple intendment,
 And as Remembrance did to me report,
 I shall declare the truth and veriment :
 As I best can, and into terms short,
 Wherefore effectually I you exhort,
 Albeit my writing be not to advance,
 Yet where I fail, excuse mine ignorance.

When that I had o'erseen this region,
The which of nature is both good and fair ;
I did propone a little question,
Beseeching her the same for to declare,
What is the cause our bounds been so bare,
Said I, or what doth move our misery ?
Or wherefrom doth proceed our poverty ?

For through the support of your high prudence,
Of Scotland I perceive the properties :
Also consider by experience,
Of this country the great commodities ;
First, the abundance of fishes in our seas,
And fruitful mountains for our bestial,
And for our corn full many lusty vale.

The rich rivers pleasant and profitable,
The lusty lochs with fishes of sundry kinds ;
Hunting, hawking, for nobles convenable,
Forrests full of doe, roe, harts and hinds,
The fresh fountains whose wholesome crystal strands
Refreshing so the flourishing green meads,
So lack we nothing that to nature needs.

Of every metal we have the rich mines,
Both gold, and silver, and stones precious ;
Albeit we lack the spices and the wines,
Or other strange fruits delicious,
We have as good, and more needful for us :
Meat, drink, fire, cloaths might there be caus'd abound
Which else is not into the map found.

More fairer men, nor of greater ingine,
Nor of more strength, great deeds for to endure :
Wherefore I pray you, that you would define
The principal cause wherefore we are so poor ?
For I marvel greatly, I you assure,
Considering the people and the ground
That riches should not in this realm abound.

My son, said she, by my discretion,
I shall make answer, as I understand :
I say to thee, under confession,
The fault is not, I dare well take in hand,
Neither unto the people, nor the land.
As for the land, it lacks none other thing
But labour, and the people's governing.

Then

Then wherein lies our inprosperity.
 Said I, I pray you heartfully, madam,
 You shall declare to me the verity ?
 Or who shall bear of our barren the blame ?
 For, by my truth, to see I think great shame,
 So pleasant people, and so fair a land,
 And so few virtuous deeds taken in hand.

Said she, I shall after my small judgment,
 Declare some causes into general ;
 And into terms short show mine intent,
 And then transcend into more special,
 So this is my conclusion final,
 Lacking of justice, policy and peace,
 Are cause of this unhappiness, alas !

It is difficile riches to encrease,
 Where policy maketh no residence :
 And policy may never have entress,
 But where that justice did its diligence,
 To punish where there may be found offence.
 Justice may not have domination,
 But where peace maketh habitation.

What is the cause then would I understand,
 That we should lack justice and policy,
 More than doth France, Italy, or England ?
 Madam, said I, show me the verity,
 Since we have many laws in this country,
 Why lack we of laws exercition,
 Why would put justice to execution ?

Wherein doth stand our principal remead ?
 Or who may make amends for this mischief ?
 Said she, I find the fault into the head ;
 For they in whom doth ly our whole relief
 I find them root and ground of all our grief ;
 For when the heads they were not diligent,
 The members must of needs be negligent.

So I conclude, the causes principal
 Of all the troubles of this nation,
 Are in the princes into special,
 The which have the gubernation,
 And of the people domination :
 Whose continual exercition
 Should be in justice execution

For when the slothful herd doth slug and sleep,
Taking no care in keeping of his flock :
Who would go search among such herds sheep,
May able find many poor scabbed crock :
And going wild at large withoutten lock,
Then Lupus comes, and Laurence in a ling,
And without ruth the silly sheep down thring.

But the good herd wakife and diligent,
Doth so that all the flock are ruled right,
To whose whiffel are all obedient :
And if the wolves do come by day or night
Them to devore, then they are put to flight,
Hunted and slain by their well daunted dogs,
So are they sure both of ewes, lambs and hogs.

So I conclude through the negligence
Of our fatuate heads insolent,
Is cause of all this realm's indigence,
Which in justice have not been diligent ;
But to good counsel disobédient,
Having small eye unto the common weal,
But to the singular profit every deal.

For when these wolves by oppression,
The poor people but pity do oppress,
Then should the princes make punition,
And cause these rebels for to make redress,
That riches might by policy increase :
But right difficle it were to make remead,
When that the fault is so into the head.

The Complaint of the Common-wealth of Scotland.

AN D thus as we were walking to and fro,
We saw a boisterous beern come o'er the bent,
But horse, on foot as fast as he might go,
Whose raiment was all ragged, torn and rent,
With visage lean, as he had fasted Lent :
And forward fast his way he did advance,
With a right melancholius countenance.

With scrip on hip, and pike-staff in his hand,
As he had purposed to pass from hame :
Said I, good-man, I would fain understand,
If that you please, to show what were your name ?
Said he, my son, of that I think great shame ?

But since ye would of my name have a feel.
Forsooth they call me *John the Common-weal*.

Sir *Common weal*, who hath you so disguised?
Said I, or what makes you so miserable?
I have marvel to see you so surprised,
The which that I have seen so honorable :
To all the world you have been profitable,
And well honor'd in every nation :
How happens now your tribulation ?

Alas ! said he, thou seest how it doth stand
With me, and how I am discherished,
Of all my grace, and must pass from Scotland,
And go where I before was cherished,
Remain I here, I am but perished,
For there are few to me that taketh tent,
Which makes me go thus ragg'd, riven and rent.

My tender friends are all past to the flight,
For policy is fled again in France :
My sister Justice almost hath lost her sight,
That she cannot hold rightly the ballance,
Plain wrong is captain of the ordinance,
The which debarreth lawty and reason,
And small remead is found for open treason.

Into the south, alas ! I was near slain,
O'er all the land I could find no relief :
Almost between the Mers and Lochmabane,
I could not know a leel man by a thief.
To show their reef, theft, murder and mischief,
And vicious works, it would infect the air,
Also too longsome for me to declare.
Into the Highland I could find no remead,
But suddenly I was put to exile :
Those sweer swingers they took of me no heed,
Not among them let me remain a while.
Also in the out-isses, and in Argyle,
Unthrif, sweerness, falshood, poverty and strife,
But Policy in danger of her life.

In the Law-land I came to seek refuge,
And purpos'd there to make my residence :
But singular profit caus'd me soon dislodge,
And did me great injuries and offence :
And said to me, Soon, harlot hie thee hence,

And in this country see thou take no cures,
So long as mine authority endures.

And now I may no longer make debate,
For I know not to whom I should me mean :
For I have sought all the spiritual state,
Which took no count for to hear me complain :
Their officers they held me at disdain,
For Simony he rules up all that rout,
And Covetice that churl caus'd bar me out.

Pride hath chased from them humility,
Devotion is fled unto the friers ;
Sensual pleasure hath banisht chastity :
Lords of religion they go like seculars,
Taking more count in telling their deniers,
Than they do of their constitution :
Thus are we blinded by ambition.

Our gentle-men are all degenerate :
Liberality and lawty both are lost,
And covetice with lords laureat ;
Knightly courage turned to brag and boast ;
The civil war misguideth every host :
There is nought else, but each man for himself,
That makes me go thus banisht like an elf.

Therefore adieu, I make no longer tarry :
Farewel, said I, and with saint John to borrow :
But wot ye well mine heart was wondrous fory.
When Common-weal so sopped was in sorrow.
Yet after the night commeth the glad morrow ;
Wherefore, I pray you, show me in certain,
When that you purpose for to come again ?

That question it shall soon be decided,
Said he, there shall no Scot have comforting
Of me until I see the country guided
By wisdom of a good and prudent king,
Which shall delight him most above all thing,
To put justice to execution,
And on strong traytors make punition.

And yet to thee I say another thing.
I see right well that proverb is full true,
Wo to the realm that hath too young a king.
With that he turn'd his back and said, Adieu.
O'er firth and fell right fast from me he flew :

Whose

Whose departing to me was displeasand.
 With that Remembrance took me by the hand.
 And soon I thought she brought me to the roch,
 And to the cave where I began to sleep;
 With that a ship did speedily approach,
 Full pleasantly sailing upon the deep,
 And then did slack her sails, and 'gan to creep
 Toward the land, forenent that where I lay;
 But wot you well, I got a fellow fray.
 All her great cannons she let crack at once,
 Down shook the streamers from the top castel;
 They spared not the powder nor the stones:
 They shot their boats, and down their anchors fell:
 Their mariners they did shout and yell;
 Then hastily I start out of my dream,
 Half in a fray, and speedily past home.
 And lightly dined with list and appetite,
 Then after past into an orator,
 I took my pen, and there began to write
 All the vision that I have shown before.
 Sir, of my dream, as now thou gets no more.
 But I beseech God for to send thee grace,
 To rule thy realm in unity and peace.

The Exhortation to the King's Grace.

SIR, since that God of his preordinance,
 Hath granted thee to have the governance
 Of his people, and created thee a king,
 Fail not to print in thy remembrance,
 That he will not excuse thine ignorance,
 If thou be careless in thy governing;
 Wherefore address thee above all other thing,
 Of his laws to keep observance,
 If thou think long in royalty to reign.
 Thank him that hath commanded dame Nature,
 To paint thee of so pleasant portraiture,
 Her gifts they may be clearly on thee known:
 To dame Fortune thou needs no procatour,
 For she hath largely shown on thee her cure,
 Her gratitude she hath unto thee shown:

And

And since that thou must reap as thou hast sown,
Have all thy hope on God the Creator,
And ask him grace, that thou mayst be his own.

And then consider thy vocation,
That for to have the gubernation
Of this kingdom thou art predestinate. . .
Thou mayst well know by true narration,
What sorrow and what tribulation
Hath been in this poor realm unfortunate ;
Now comfort them that hath been desolate,
And of thy people have compassion,
Since thou by God art so preordinate.

Take manly courage, and leave insolence,
And use counsel of noble dame Prudence ;
Ground thee firmly on faith and fortitude ;
Draw to the court justice and temperance,
And to thy common-wealth have attendance.
And also I beseech thy celsitude,
Hate vicious men, and love them that are good :
And each flatterer thou sleem from thy presence,
And false report out of thy court exclude.

Do equal justice both to great and small,
And be example to the people all,
Exercising virtuous deeds honorable,
Be not a wretch for ought that may besal ;
To that unhappy vice if thou be thral,
To all men thou shalt be abominable.
Kings nor knights are never convenable
To rule the people, be they not liberal,
Was never yet no wretch too honorable.

And take example of the wretched ending,
Which made Midas of Thrace, the mighty king,
That to his gods made invocation,
Through greediness, that all substantial thing
That e'er he toucht, should turn but tarrying
Into fine gold ; he got his supplication ;
All that he toucht without delation
Turned into gold, both meat, drink and clothing,
And died for hunger without recreation.

And I beseech thy majesty serene,
From leobery thou keep thy body clean :
Taste never that intoxicate poison ;

From

From that unhappy sensual sin abstain,
 Till that thou get a lusty pleasant queen,
 Then take thy pleasure with thy benison :
 Take heed how prideful Tarquin lost his crown,
 For the defloring of Lucrece the sheen,
 And was depriv'd and banisht Rome's town.

And in despite of his lecherous living,
 The Romans would be subject to no king,
 Many long years, as stories do record,
 Till Julius by virtuous governing,
 And princely-courage 'gan on them to reign,
 And chosen of Romans emperor and lord.
 Wherefore, my sovereign, in thy mind remord,
 That vicious life makes oft an evil ending,
 Except it be by special grace restor'd.

And if thou wouldst thy fame and honor grew,
 Use counsel of thy prudent lords trew ;
 And see thou not presumptuously pretend
 Thine own particular will for to ensue.
 Work with counsel, so shalt thou never rew.
 Remember of thy friends the fatal end,
 Which to good counsel would not condescend,
 Till bitter death, alas ! did them pursue.
 From such unhap, I pray God thee defend.

And finally, remember thou must die,
 And suddenly pass from this mortal sea,
 And art not sicker of thy life two hours :
 Since there is none from that sentence may flee,
 King, queen, nor knight, of low estate nor he,
 Where are they gone those popes and emperors ?
 Be they not dead ? So shall it fare on thee,
 Is no remead, strength, riches, and honors.

And so with conclusion,
 Make you provision,
 To get the infusion
 Of his high Grace,
 Which bled with effusion,
 With scorn and derision,
 And died with confusion
 Confirming your peace.

THE COMPLAINT
OF

SIR DAVID LINDSAY, of the Mount, directed to
the King's Grace.

SIR, I beseech thine excellence,

Hear my complaint with patience :

My dolent heart doth me constrain

Of mine infortune to complain,

Albeit I stand in great doubtance,

Whom I should blame of my mischance,

Whether Saturnus cruelty,

Reigning in my nativity,

By bad aspects which work vengeance,

Or other heavenly influence ;

Or ff I be predestinate,

In court to be infortunate,

Which have so long in service been,

Continnally with king and queen,

And entered to thy majesty,

The day of thy nativity :

Wherethrough my friends been ashamed,

And with my foes I am defamed

Seeing that I am not regarded,

Nor with my brethren of court rewarded ;

Blaming my slothful negligence,

That seeks not for some recompence.

When divers men do me demand,

Why getst thou not some piece of land,

As well as other men have gotten ?

Then wish I to be dead and rotten,

With such extreme discomforting,

That I can make no answering.

I would some wise men did me teach,

Whether that I should flatter or fleech :

I will not flyt, that I conclude,

For crabbing of thy celsitude :

And to flatter, I am defamed ;

Lack I reward, then am I shamed :

But I hope thou shalt do as well,

As did the father Famel,

Of whom Christ maketh mention,
Who for a certain pension,
Hired men to work in his vineyard :
But who came last got first reward,
Wherethrough the first men were displeased,
But he them prudently appeased :
For though the last men first were served,
Yet got the first what they deserved.
So am I surè thy majesty
Shall once regard me ere I die,
And rub the rust off mine engine,
Which is for languor like to tine :
Although I bare not like a bard,
Long service earneth ay reward.
I cannot blame thine excellence,
That I so long lack recompense ;
Had I solisted like the lave,
My reward had not been to crave :
But now I may not understand,
A dumb man yet wan never land ;
And in the court men gets nothing
Without importunate asking.
Alas ! my sloth and shamefastness
Debar'd me from all greediness ;
Greedy men that are diligent,
Right oft do obtain their intent,
And fail not for to conquest lands,
And namely at young princes hands.
But I took never no other cure
In special, but for thy pleasure :
But now I am no more despar'd,
But I shall get princely reward.
The which shall be to me more glorie,
Than them thou didst reward before.
When men do ask ought at a king,
Should ask his grace a noble thing,
To his Excellence honourable,
And to the asker profitable.
Though I be in mine asking slider,
I pray thy grace for to consider,
Thou hast both made lords and lairds,
And hast given many rich rewards :

To them which were full far to seek,
When I lay nightly by thy cheek :
I take the queen's grace, thy mother,
My lord chancellor, and many other,
Thy nurse, and thine old mistress,
I take them all to bear witness ;
Old Willie Dillie were he alive,
My life full well he could describe,
How as a chapman bears his pack.
I bare thy Grace upon my back :
And sometimes stridlings on my neck,
Dancing with many bend and beck.
The first syllabs that thou didst mute,
Was pa-da-lyne upon the lute.
Then plaïd I twenty springs perqueer
Which were great pleasure for to hear,
From play thou never let me rest ;
But *ginkerton* thou lik'd ay best.
And when thou camest from the school,
Then I behov'd to play the fool :
As I at length into my dream,
My sundry service did expream.
Though it be better, as faith the wise,
Hap to the court, than good service :
I know thou lov'st me better than,
Then now some wise doth her good-man ;
Then men to other did record,
Said, Lindsay would be made a lord.
Thou hast made lords, sir, by St. Geil,
Of some that have not serv'd so well.
To you, my lords, that do stand by,
I shall you show the reason why :
If you shall tarry, I shall tell
How my misfortune thus befel :
I prayed daily on my knee, .
My young master that I might see,
Of age in his estate royal,
Having power imperial ;
Then, trusted I without demand,
To be promoted to some land ;
But mine asking I got too soon,
Because the eclipse fell in the moon,

The which all Scotland made on steer,
Then did my purpose run areer,
The which were longsome to declare :
And eke mine heart is wonder fair,
When I have in remembrance,
The sudden change of my mischance :
The king was but twenty years of age,
When new rulers came in their rage,
For common weal not taking care,
But for their profit singular ;
Imprudently like witle's fools,
They took the young prince from the schools,
Where he understood obedience,
Was learning virtue and science,
And hastily put in his hand,
The governance of all Scotland :
As who would in a stormy blast,
When mariners been all agast,
Through danger of the sea's rage,
Would take a child of tender age,
Which never had been on the sea,
And to his bidding all obey,
Giving him the whole governal,
To ship, merchant, and marinal,
For dread of rocks, and for land,
To put the ruther in his hand :
Without God's grace is no refuge,
If there be danger ye may judge.
I give them to the devil of hell,
That first devised that counsel ;
I will not say it was treason,
But I dare swear is was no reason :
I pray God let me ne'er see reign
Into this realm so young a king.
I may not tarry to decide it,
How then the church a while was guided,
By them that partly took in hand,
To guide the king and all Scotland :
And eke longsome for to declare,
Their facund flattering words fair ;
Sir, some would say, your majesty
Shall now go to your liberty ;

Thou shalt to no man be coacted,
Nor to the school no more subjected.
We think them very natural fools,
That learn o'er meikle at the schools;
Sir, you must learn to turn a spear,
And guide you like a man of wear:
For we shall put such men about you,
That all the world and mo shall doubt you.
Then to his Grace they put a guard,
Which hastily got their reward,
Each man after their quality,
They did solist his Majesty.
Some caus'd him revel at the racket,
Some harl'd him to the hurdie hacket.
And some to show their courtly corfes,
Would ride to Leith and run their horses,
And mightily gallop over the sands,
They neither spared spur nor wands:
Casting gammons with bends and becks,
For wantonness some broke their necks;
There was no play but cards and dice,
And ay Sir Flattery bare the price.
Rounding and rooking one to another,
Take you my part, said he, my brother,
And make between us sicker bauds,
When ought shall vaik among our hands,
That each man stand to help his fellow;
I hold thereto man, by alhallow,
So you fish not within my bounds:
That shall I not, by great wounds,
Said he, but rather take thy part.
So shall I do, by my heart.
And if the thesaurer be our friend,
Then shall we both get tack and tiend:
Take he our part, then who dare wrong us,
And we shall part the pelf among us.
But haste us while the king is young,
But let each man keep well his tongue,
And in each quarter have a spy,
Us to advertise hastily,
When any casualties
Shall happen into our countries.

Let us make sure provision,
 Ere he come to discretion.
 No more he knows than doth a saint.
 What thing it is to have or want :
 So ere he come to perfect age,
 We shall be sicker of our wage,
 And let each carl crave another.
 That mouth speak more, said he, my brother ;
 For, G—d nor I rax in a rope,
 Thou might'st give counsel to the pope.
 Thus labor'd they within few years,
 That they became no pages peers :
 So hastily they made a band.
 Some gather'd gold, some conquest land.
 Sir, some would say, by saint Denice,
 Give to me some fat benefice,
 And all the profit you shall have ;
 Give me the name, take you the lave.
 But by his bulls were well come hame,
 To make service he would think shame,
 Then slip away withouten more,
 When he had got what he sought for,
 Methought it was a piteous thing,
 To see that fair young tender king,
 Of whom these gallants stood no aw,
 To play with him pluck at the crow,
 They became rich, I you assure,
 But ay the prince remained poor,
 There was few of that garrison,
 That learned him a good lesson ;
 But some to crack, and some to clatter ;
 Some play'd the fool, and some did flatter.
 Said one, Devil stick me with a knife,
 But, sir, I know a maid in Fife,
 One of the lustiest wanton lasses,
 Whereeto, sir, by Mary she passes.
 Hold thy tongue. brother said the other.
 I know fairer by fifteen fother ;
 Sir, when ye please to Lithgow pass,
 There shall ye see a lusty lass.
 Now trittle trattle, trow low,
 Said the third man, thou dost but mow,

When

When his grace comes to fair Stirling,
There shall he see a days darling,
Sir, said the fourth, take my counsel,
And go all to an high bordel;
There may ye loup at liberty,
Withoutten any gravity.
Thus every man said for himself,
And did among them part the pelf,
But I, alas! ere e'er I wist,
Was trodden-down into the dust:
With heavy charge withoutten more,
But I knew never yet wherefore;
And hastily before my face,
Another slipped in my place:
Which full lightly got his reward,
And stiled was, the antient laird.
That time I might make no defence,
But took perforce in patience;
Praying to send them a mischance
That had the court in governance:
The which against me did malign,
Contrair the pleasure of the king:
For well I know his Grace's mind
Was ever to me true and kind;
And contrair their intencion,
Caus'd pay me well my pension;
Though I a while lacked presence,
He let me have none indigence.
When I durst neither peep nor look,
Yet would I hide me in a rook,
To see these uncouth vanities,
How they like many busy bees,
Did occupy their golden hours,
With help of these new governours;
But my complaint for to compleat,
I got the fowr, and they the sweet.
And John Macrerie the king's fool.
Got double garments against yool.
Yet in his most triumphant glore,
For his reward got the glengore;
Now in the court seldom he goes,
Indread men tread upon his toes.

As I that time durst not be seen,
 In open court for both mine een :
 Alas! I have no time to tarry,
 To show you all the feery farry,
 How these that had the governace,
 Among themselves rais'd variance.
 And who most to my skaith consented,
 Within few years full sore repented,
 When they could make no remead,
 For they were harl'd out by the heid :
 And others took the governing,
 Well worse than they in all kind thing.
 Those lords took no more regard,
 But who might purchase best reward :
 Some of their friends got benefices,
 And other some got bishoprics :
 For every lord as he thought best,
 Brought in a bird to fill the nest,
 To be a watchman to his marrow,
 They 'gan to draw at the eartharrow.
 The proudest prelates of the kirk,
 Were fain to hide in the mirk.
 That time so failed was their sight,
 Sensyn they might not thole the light
 Of Christ's true gospel to be seen,
 So blinded are their corporal een
 With wordly lusts sensual,
 Taking in realms the goveranal,
 Both guiding court and session,
 Contrair to their profession :
 Wherefore I think they should have shame,
 Of spiritual priests to take the name ;
 For Isaias into his wark,
 Calls them dumb dogs that cannot bark,
 That call'd are priests, and cannot preach,
 Nor Christ's law to the people teach ;
 If for to preach been their profession,
 Why should they mell with court or session,
 Except it were in spiritual things,
 Referring unto lords and kings
 Temporal causes to be decided,
 If they their spiritual office guided,

Each man might say they did their parts.
But if they can play at the carts,
And mollet moylie on a mool,
Though they had never seen the school,
Yet at this day, as well as then,
Will be made such a spiritual man.
Princes that such prelates promotes,
Account thereof to give behoves :
Which shall not pass without punishment,
Except that they mend and repent;
And with due ministracion,
Work after their vocation.

I wish the thing that will not be,
The perverse prelates are so hie,
When once that day be called Lords.
They are occasion of discords :
And largely will propines heght,
To cause each lord with other fight,
If for their part it may avail :
So to the purpose of my tale,
That time in court rose great debate,
And every lord did strive for state,
That all the realms might make no redding
Till on each side there was no blood-shedding ;
All fielded other in land or burgh,
At Lithgow Melross and Edinburgh,
But to deplore I think great pain,
Of noble-men that there were slain :
And as longsome to be reported,
Of them which to the court resorted,
As tyrants, traitors and transgressors,
And common public plain oppressors
Men murderers, and common theives,
Into that court got their relieves.
There were few lords in all these lands,
But to new regents made their bands,
Then rose a reek ere e'er I wist,
The which could all their bands birst.
Then they alone which had the guiding,
They could not keep their feet from sliding :
But of their lives they had such dread,
That they were fain to trot o'er Tweed.

Now

Now, potent prince, I say to thee,
 I thank the holy Trinitie,
 That I have liv'd to see the day,
 That all the world is went away,
 And thou to no man art subjected,
 Nor to such counsellors coacted.
 The four great virtues cardinals,
 I see them with the principals :
 For Justice holds her sword on hie,
 With her ballance of equity ;
 And in this realm hath made such order,
 Both through the highland and the border,
 That oppression and all his fellows,
 Are hanged high upon the gallows,
 Dame Prudence had thee by the head,
 And temperance doth thy bridle lead.
 I see dame Force make resistance,
 Bearing the targe of assurance,
 And lusty lady Chastity,
 Hath banisht Sensuality.
 Dame Riches takes on thee such cure,
 I pray God, that she long endure,
 Of that Poverty dare not be seen,
 Into thine house for both her een ;
 But from thy grace fled many miles,
 Among the hunters in the isles.
 Dissimulance dare not show her face,
 Which wont for to beguile thy Grace.
 Folly is fled out of the town,
 Which ay was contrair to reason :
 Policy and peace begins to plant,
 That virtuous men can never want ;
 And all slothfull idle lowns,
 Shall scattered be in the galejons.
 John upon land been glad, I trow,
 Because the rush bush keeps his kow :
 So there is nought I understand.
 Without good order in this land,
 Except the spirituality,
 Praying thy Grace thereto have eye :
 Cause them make ministration,
 Conform to their vocation :

To preach with unfeigned intents,
And truly use the sacraments,
After Christ's institutions,
Leaving their vain traditions,
Which do the silly sheep illude.
For whom Christ Jesus shed his blood :
And superstitious pilgrimages,
Praying to graven images,
Express against the Lord's command :
I do thy grace to understand,
If thou to men's laws assent,
Against the Lord's commandement,
As Jeroboam and many mo,
Princes of Israel also,
Consenters to Idolatry,
Which punish't were right piteously,
And from their realms rooted out,
So shalt thou be withoutten doubt,
Both here and there withoutten more,
And lack the everlasting glore.
And if thou wilt thine heart incline,
And keep his blessed law divine,
As did the faithful patriarchs,
Both in their words, and in their wa ks :
As did many faithful kings
Of Israel during their reigns ;
As king David and Solomon,
Who Images would suffer none,
In their rich temple for to stand,
Because it was not God's command ;
But destroyed all idolatry,
As in the scripture thou may'st see,
Whose rich reward was heavenly bliss,
Which shall be thine, thou doing this.
Since thou hast cholen such a guard,
Now am I sure to get reward :
And since thou art the richest king,
That ever in this realm did reign,
Of gold and stones precious,
Most prudent and ingeniou*,
And hast thine honour done advance.
In Scotland, England, and in France,

By martial deeds honourable.
 And are to every virtue able,
 I know thy grace will not misken me,
 But thou wilt either give or lend me:
 Would thy Grace lend me a day,
 Of gold a thousand pound or tway,
 And I shall fix with good intent,
 Thy grace a day of payment,
 With sealed obligation,
 Under this protestation:
 When the bass and the isle of Mai,
 Beis set upon the mount Sinai;
 When the Lowmond beside Falkland,
 Beis lifted up to Northumberland;
 When churchmen earns no dignity,
 Nor wives no sovereignty;
 Winter without frost, snow, wind or rain,
 Then shall I give the gold again.
 Or I shall make to thee payment,
 After the day of Judgment,
 Within a month at the least,
 When St Peter shall make a feast
 To all the fishers of Aberlady
 So thou have mine acquittance ready;
 Failing thereof, by Saint Philan,
 Thy grace gets never a groat again,
 If thou be not content of this,
 I must request the king of blefs,
 That he to me have some regard,
 And cause thy grace me to reward:
 For David king of Israel.
 Who was the great prophet royal,
 Saith, God hath, whole at his command,
 The hearts of princes in his hand,
 Then as he lists them for to turn,
 That must they do without sojourn:
 Some to exalt in dignity.
 And sometime Lords, to bind in cords,
 And them all utterly destroy.
 As pleaseth God that noble Roy:
 For thou art but an instrument.
 Of that great God Omnipotent.

So when it pleaseth thine excellence,
Thy grace shall make me recompence,
Or he shall cause me stand content,
Of quiet life and sober rent,
And take me in my latter age,
Unto my simple hermitage,
And spend what mine elders have won,
As old Egiogenes in his tun,
Of this complaint, with mind full meek,
Thy grace's answer, sir, I seek.

Quod Lindsay to the King.

The complaint and public confession of the king's old hound, called Bash, directed to Bawty, the king's best beloved dog, and his companions: made at command of king James the fifth, by Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, knight, alias, Lyon king of Arms.

A L A S! to whom should I complain,
In mine extreme necessity?
Or to whom should I make my moan?
In court no dog will do for me;
Beseeching for some charity,
To bear my supplication,
To Scuddler, Lufra and Bawty,
Now ere the king pass from town.
I have followed the court so long,
While in good-faith, I may no mair:
The country knows I may not gang,
I am so crooked, old and fair,
That I know not where to repair:
For when I had authority,
I thought me so familiar,
I never dread necessity,
I rew the case that Geordy steel,
Brought Bawty to the king's presence,
I pray God let him ne'er do well,
Since than I got no audience;
For Bawty now gets such credence,
That he lies on the king's night-gown,

When

When I perforce for mine offence,
 Must in the closs lye like a clown;
 For I have been ay to this hour,
 A wirrier of lamb and hog,
 A tyrant and a tuleyour,
 A murtherer of many a dog.
 Five fowls I chas'd ont through a ferog,
 Wherefore their mothers did me wary,
 For they were all drown'd in a bog,
 Speer at John Gordon of Pitcarry,
 Which in his house did bring me up,
 And used me to kill the deer:
 Sweet milk and meal he made me sup,
 That trade I learned soon perqueer.
 All other virtue ran areer,
 When I began to bark and flyte:
 For there was neither monk nor frier,
 Nor wife, nor child, but I would byte,
 When to the king the cause was known,
 Of mine unhappy hardiness,
 And all the sooth unto him shewn,
 How every dog I did oppress,
 Then gave his grace command express,
 I should be brought to his presence;
 Notwithstanding my wickedness,
 In court I got great audience.
 I shew'd my great ingratitude
 To the captain of Badyeno,
 Which in his house did find me soed,
 Two years with other hounds mo:
 But when I saw that it was so
 That I grew high into the court,
 For his reward I wrought him wo,
 And cruelly I did him hurt.
 So they that gave me to the king,
 I was their mortal enemy,
 I took cure of no kind of thing,
 But to please the king's majesty;
 But when he knew my cruelty,
 My fallhood and my plain oppression,
 He gave command that I should be
 Hanged without confession.

And yet because that I was old,
 His grace thought pity for to hang me,
 And let me wander where I would,
 Then set my foes for to fang me;
 And every Butcher's dog down dang me.
 When I trow'd best to be a laird,
 Then in the court each wight did wrang me;
 And this I got for my reward,
 I had wirried black Mackeson,
 Were not the rebels came and red:
 For he was fleemed from the town,
 When once the king saw how I bled,
 He caus'd lay me upon a bed,
 For with knife I was mischiev'd,
 This Mackeson, for fear he fled,
 A long time ere he was reliev'd,
 And Patrick Stirling in Argyle,
 I bare him backward to the ground,
 And had him slain within a while,
 Were not the helping of an hound:
 Yet got he many a bloody wound,
 As yet his skin will show the marks,
 Find me a dog where'er ye found,
 Hath made so many bloody farks.
 Good brother Laceman, Lindsay's dog,
 Which e'er hath kept thy lawtie,
 And never wirried Lamb nor hog,
 Pray Lufra, Scudlar and Bawtie,
 Of me, Bash, for to have pity,
 And provide me a portion
 In Dumfermling, where I may dree
 Penance for mine extortion.
 Get by their solistation,
 A letter from the King's grace,
 That I may have collation,
 With fire and candle in the place,
 But I will live short time alas!
 Lack I good fresh flesh for my gams
 Between Ash-wednesday and Pasch,
 I must have leave to wirry lambs.
 Bawty, consider well this bill,
 And every point thereof fulfil,

And read this schedul that I send you,
And now in time of Mass amend you.
I pray you that you not pretend you,
To climb too high, nor do no wrong :
But from your foes with right defend you
And take example how I gang.
I was that no man durst come near me,
Nor put me forth of my lodging ;
No dog durst from my dinner skar me,
When I was tender with the king,
Now every tyk doth me down thring,
The which before by me was wronged :
And swear I serve no other thing,
But in a halter to be hanged.
Though ye be homely with the king,
Ye Scudlar, Lufra and Bawtie,
Beware that ye do not down thring
Your neighbour through authority,
And your example make by me ;
And believe well you are but dogs :
Though ye stand in an high degree,
See ye bite neither lambs nor hogs,
Though ye have now great audience,
See that by you none be opprest,
Ye will be punisht for your offence,
When once the king be well confest ;
There is no dog that hath transgressed
Through cruelty, if he may fang him,
His majesty will take no rest,
Till on a gallows he cause hang him.
I was once as far ben as ye are,
And had in court such audience,
And ay pretended to be higher ;
But when this Excellence
Did know my falsset and offence,
And my prideful presumption.
I got no other recompence,
But hoy'd and hunted out of town,
Was never so unkind a corse.
As when I had authority :
Of my friends I took no force,
The which before had done for me.

This proverb is of verity,
 Which I had heard read in a letter,
 The highest in court, nearest the widdy,
 Except he guide him all the better,
 I took no more thought of a lord,
 Than I did of a kitchen knave,
 Though every day I make discord,
 I was set up above the lave,
 The gentle hound was to me slave,
 And with the king's own fingers fed,
 The silly raches would I reave,
 Thus for mine ill deeds I was dred,
 Therefore, Bawty, look best about,
 When thou art highest with the king ;
 For then thou standst in greatest doubt.
 Be thou not good in governing ;
 Put no poor tyk from his steeding,
 Nor yet no silly raches rave,
 He sits above that sees all thing,
 And of a knight can make a knave.
 When I came sleeping ben the floor,
 All raches great room to me red ;
 I of no creature took cure,
 But lay upon the king's own bed ;
 With cloth of gold though it were spred,
 For fear each freck would stand on far ;
 With every dog I was so dred,
 They trembled when they heard me nar ;
 Good brother, Bawty, bear thee even,
 Though with thy prince thou be potent,
 It cries a vengeance from the heaven,
 For to oppress the innocent :
 In wealth be thou most diligent,
 And do not wrong to dog nor bitch,
 As I have, which I now repent.
 No messan reave to make thee rich,]
 Nor for augmenting of thy bounds,
 Ask no reward, sir, at the king,
 Which may do hurt to other hounds ;
 Express against God's own bidding,
 Chase no poor ryk from his midding,
 Through cast of court, nor king's request :

And

And of thyself presume nothing,
 Except thou be a brutal beast,
 Trust well there is no oppressor,
 Nor butcher's dog, drawer of blood,
 A tyrant nor a transgressor,
 That shall now of the king get good,
 From time forth that his cellitude,
 Doth clearly know the verity,
 But he is fleem'd, for to conclude,
 Or hanged high upon a tree,
 Though ye be cupled altogether,
 With silk and fooles of silver fine.
 A dog may come out of Balwhidder,
 And make you lead a lower train:
 Then shall your pleasure turn in pine,
 When a strong hunter blows his horn,
 And all your credence make you tine,
 Then shall your labour be forlorn.
 I say no more good friends, adieu,
 In dread we never met again:
 That e'er I knew the court, I rew,
 Was never wight so well of wane.
 Let no dog now serve our sovereign,
 Except he be of good condition:
 Be he perverse, I'll tell you plain,
 He hath need of a good remission.
 That I am on this wise mischiev'd,
 The earl of Huntly I may warie.
 He ween'd that I had been reliev'd,
 When to the court he caus'd me carrie:
 Would God I were now in Pitcarrie,
 Because I have been so ill deedy:
 Adieu, I dare no longer tarrie,
 I dread I wave into a widdie,

A Supplication directed for Sir David Lindsay of the
 Mount, to the king's grace in contempt of side tails
 and muzzled faces.

SIR, though your grace hath put good order,
 Both in the highland and the border,
 Yet I make supplication,
 To have some reformation,

Of a small fault which is no treason.
Though it be contrary to reason.
Because the matter been so vile,
It may not have an ornate stile:
Wherefore I pray your excellence,
To hear me with great patience:
Of stinking weeds maculate,
No man may wear a rose chaplate.
Sovereign, I mean of these side tails,
Which through the dust and dubs trails,
Three quarters long behind their heels,
Express against all common-weals:
Though bishops in their pontificals,
Have men to bear up their side tails,
For dignity of their office;
Right so a queen, or emprice,
Albeit they use such gravity,
Conforming to their majesty,
Though their robes royal be upborn,
I think it but a very scorn,
That every lady of the land,
Should have her tail so side trailand;
Albeit they be of high estate,
The queen they may not counterfeit:
Where'er they go it may be seen,
How church and causey they sweep clean.
The images into the kirk,
May think of their side tails great irk;
For when the weather been most fair,
The dust flies highest in the air,
And all their face doth begarie;
If they could speak, they would them wary.

To see I think a pleasant sight,
Of Italy the ladies bright,
In their clothing most triumphand,
Above all other Christian land;
Yet when they travel through the towns,
Men see their feet beneath their gowns,
Four inches above their proper heels,
Circulate above as round as wheels;
Wherethrough there doth no powder rise,
Their fair white limbs for to surprise,

But I think most abusion,
 To see men of religion,
 To bear their tails thorough the street,
 That folks may behold their feet :
 I trew saint Bernard, nor saint Blaife,
 Caus'd never man bear up their claife,
 Peter nor Paul, nor saint Andrew,
 Caus'd ne'er bear up their tails I trow.
 But I laugh best to see a nun,
 Cause bear her tail above her bun,
 For nothing else, as I suppose,
 But for to shew her lillie white hose :
 In all their rules they will not find
 Who should bear up their tails behind,
 But I have most into dispite,
 Poor clagocks clad with raploch white,
 Which have scarce two merks of sees,
 Will have two ells beneath their knees :
 Kittock that cleeked was yestreen
 The morn will counterfeit the queen.
 A moorland Meg that milks the yows,
 Clagged with clay above the hows :
 In barn or byre she will not bide,
 Except her kirle tail be side.
 In borrows wanton burges wives,
 Who may have sideft tails strives,
 Well bordered with velvet fine,
 But following them it is a pine,
 In summer when the streets dryes,
 They raise the dust above the flies,
 None may go near them they at their ease,
 Except they cover mouth and neele,
 From the powder to keeep their een :
 Consider if their cloves be clean.
 Between their cleaving and their knees,
 Who who would be hold their sweaty thies,
 Begaired with dirt and dust,
 It were enought to stanch the lust
 Of any man that saw them naked :
 I think such giglots are but glaiked,
 Without profit to have such pride,
 Harling their clagged tails so side,

I would the borrowstoun bairns had breeks,
 To keep such mist f om makin's checks,
 I dread rough makin suffer drouth,
 When such dry dust blows in her mouth:
 I think most pain after a rain,
 To see them rouked up again;
 Then wh-a they step out through the street,
 Their folding flaps about their feet:
 Their loathly linyng forthwith flyped,
 That hath the muck and midding wiped:
 They waste more cloth within few years
 Than would cloth fifty score of friers:
 When Marrion from the midding goes,
 From her morning-darg she strips the nose,
 And all the day where'er she go,
 Such liquor she licks up also,
 The tercumes of her tail I trow
 Might be a supper to a fow.
 I knew a man which sware great oaths,
 How he did list a Kintock's cloths,
 And would have done I know not what,
 But soon remead of love he gat:
 He thought no shame to make it written,
 How her side tail was all beshtitten.
 Of filch such flowre straké to his heart
 That he behov'd for to depart.
 Said she, Good sir, methink you rew,
 Said he your tails calls such a flew,
 That by saint Bridé I cannot abide it;
 You were not wise that would not hide it;
 Of tails I will no more endite,
 For dread some dudren me despise:
 Notwithstanding I will conclude,
 That of side tails there comes no good,
 Sider than can their hanchlets hide,
 The remanent proceeds of pride,
 And pride proceedeth of the devil:
 Thus always they proceed of evil.
 Another fault, sir, may be seen,
 They hid their face all but their een.
 When gentlemen bid them good day,
 Without reverence they slide away:

That

That none may know, I you assure,
 An honest woman by an whore,
 Except their naked face I see,
 They get no more good days of me.
 Hailse a French lady when ye please,
 She will discover mouth and neese,
 And with a humble countenance.
 With visage bare make reverence.
 When our ladies do ride in rain,
 Should no man have them at disdain :
 Though they be covered mouth and neese,
 In that case they none displease,
 Nor when they go to quiet places,
 I them excuse to hide their faces,
 When they would make collation
 With any lusty champion :
 Though they be hid then to the een,
 Ye may consider what I mean.
 But in the church and market places,
 I think they should not hide their faces :
 Except these faults be sure amended,
 My flyting, sir, shall ne'er be ended.
 But would your grace my counsel take,
 A proclamation you should make,
 Both in the land and Borrowstowns,
 To show their face and cut their gowns.
 None should from them exeemed be,
 Except the queen's majesty ;
 Because this matter is not fair,
 Of rhetorick it must be bair.
 Women will say, this is bourds,
 To write such vile and filthy words.
 But would they clean their filthy tails,
 Which o'er the mire and midding trails,
 Then should my writing ended be,
 No other mends they get of me.
 The truth should not be holden close,
Virtus non quærit angulos.
 I know good women that been wise,
 This rural rhyme will not disprise,
 None will me blame, I you assure,
 Except a wanton glorious whore,

Whose

Whose flyting I fear not a flee.
 Farewell, ye get no more of me.
 Quoad Lindsay, in contempt of side tails,
 That daddrons and duntibours,
 Through the dubb's trails.

KITTY'S CONFESSION.

Compiled (as is believed) by Sir David Lindsay of the
 Mount, Knight, &c.

The Curate and Kittie.

THE Curate, Kitty would confess,
 And she told on both more and less :
 When she was talking as she wist.
 The Curate Kitty would have kist ;
 But yet a countenance he bure,
 Digest, devout, dain and demure ;
 And yet began her to examine :
 He was best at the after game.
 Said he, have ye any wronguous gear ?
 Said she, I stole a peck of bear.
 Said he, That should restored be :
 Therefore deliver it to me,
 Tibby and Peter bad me speer,
 By my conscience they shall it hear.
 Said he, live ye in lechery ?
 Said she. Willie Leno m——d me.
 Said he, his wife that shall I tell,
 To make quaintance with hersel.
 Said he, know ye no heresie ?
 I know not what this is, said she.
 Said he, read ye no English books ?
 Said she, my master on them looks.
 Said he, the bishop shall that know ;
 For I am sworn that for to show,
 Said he, what said he of the king ?
 Said she, of good he spake nothing.
 Said he, his grace of that shall wit,
 For he shall lose his life for it.

When

When she in mind did more revolve,
 Said he I cannot you absolve ;
 But to my chamber come at even,
 Absolved for to be and shriven.
 Said she, I will pass to another,
 And I met with Sir Andrew's brother,
 And he full cleanly did me shrive,
 But he was somewhat talkative :
 He asked many a strange case.
 How that my love did me embrace ?
 What day, how oft, what sort, and where ?
 Said he, I would I had been there.
 He me absolved for a plack,
 Though he with me no price would make,
 And meikle Latin he did mumble,
 I heard nothing but humble mumble.
 He show'd me nothing of God's word,
 Which sharper is than any sword,
 And deep into our hearts doth print,
 Our sins, wherethrough we do repent.
 He puts me nothing into fear,
 Wherethrough I should my sins forbear,
 He shew me not the malediction.
 Of God for sin, nor the affliction,
 And in this life the great mischief
 Ordain'd to punish whore and thief.
 He shew me not of the hell's pain,
 That I might fear and vice refrain,
 He counsell'd me not to abstain,
 And lead an holy life and clean :
 Of Christ's blood nothing he knew,
 Nor of his promises full true,
 That saveth all that will believe,
 That Satan shall never grieve.
 He reach'd me not for to traist,
 The comfort of the holy Ghaist ;
 And bade me not to Christ be kind,
 To keep his law with heart and mind,
 And love and thank his great mercy.
 From sin and hell that saved me,
 And love thy neighbour as myself,
 Of this nothing he could me tell ;

But gave me penance every day,
An *Ave Maria* for to say,
And Fridays five no flesh to eat,
But butter and eggs is better meat ;
And with a plack to buy a Mess,
From Druken Sir John Latin Less.
Said he, a plack I will cause Sandy
Give thee again at handy dandy ;
Then into pilgrimage to pass,
The very way to wantonness.
Of all this penance I was glad,
I had them all perqueer I said :
To mow and swear I know the price,
I shall it set on cinque and syce :
But he my counsel could not keep,
He made him by the fire to sleep,
Then cry'd collops, beef and coals,
Hoes and shoes with double soals,
Cakes and candle, grease and salt,
Coorns of meal, and handfuls of malt,
Woolen and linen warp and wast,
Dame, keep the keys of your wool last :
Though drink and sleep made him to rave,
And so with us they play the knave,
Friars swear by their profession,
None be safe without confession,
And make all men to understand,
That it is God's own command :
Yet it is nothing but man's dream,
The people to confound and shame ;
It is nought else but man's law,
Made men's minds for to know,
Wherethrough they file them as they will,
And make their laws conform theretill,
Sitting in men's conscience,
Above God's magnificence,
And doth the people teach and tyft.
To serve the pope and antichrist.
To the great God Omnipotent,
Confess thy sins, and thee repent,
And trust in Christ, as writteth Paul,
Which shed his blood to save thy saul.

For none can thee absolve but He,
 Nor take away thy sins from thee.
 If of good counsel thou hast need,
 Or hast not learned well thy creed,
 Or wicked vices reign in thee,
 The which thou canst not mortifie.
 Or be in despiration,
 And would have consolation;
 Then to the preacher true thou pass,
 And show thy sin and thy trespass.
 Thou needs not for to show him all,
 Nor tell thy sins both great and small,
 Which is impossible to be,
 But show the vice which troubleth thee
 And he shall of thy fault have roth,
 And thee instruct into the truth;
 And with the word of verity,
 Shall comfort and shall counsel thee:
 The sacraments show thee at length,
 Thy little faith to firm and strength,
 And how thou shouldst them rightly use,
 And all hypocrisy refuse.
 Confession first was ordain'd free,
 In this sort in the church to be:
 So to confess as I describe,
 Was in the church primitive,
 So was confession ordain'd first,
 Though Codrus kyt should cleave and burst.

14 JY 62

FINIS Quod LINDSAY.



